MAINE FARMER.

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c

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Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

Value of a Little Chemical Knowledge.

The last number of the American Farmer contains an interesting statement of the results of an experiment on the farm of the Hon. Revredy Johnson, near Baltimore. The farm recently purchased by Mr. Johnson, was completely exhausted, and the great question of the proprietor, was this, what shall be applied to it in order to bring it to a state of fertility. In order to answer this question, common sense would dictate the Yankee rule of asking another question first, viz: What is lacking in the soil, which causes its present barren condition? In order to ascertain this, chemistry must be called in. An analysis must be made. In order to illustrate the practical operation of this, we will extract from the communication, the following statements. The land, originally good, had been impoverished by a long course of bad husbandry. The soil contains a very large proportion of iron. So complete was its exhaustion, that when I first saw it, all the vegetable matters growing upon the two hundred acres of cleared land, (including the briars, sassafras, and other bushes,) carefully collected would have been insufficient for the manufacture of one four horse load of barn-yard manure. The field selected for experiment contains ten acres, embracing the slopes of two hills, and a small valley intersecting it diagonally. It was at that time in corn, and did not produce *one peck* of corn to the acre, although it had been cultivated in the usual manner, and with ordinary care, and the season had not been below the average of seven years.

An analysis of the soil was made by Dr. Stewart. He found it to contain the following ingredients:

Sand and bases insoluble,	71.20
Lime,	0.30
Magnesia,	0.40
Manganese,	0.10
Potash,	0.23
Water and organic matter,	10.07
Phosphoric acid, none,	0.00
Iron and alumine,	17.70
	100.00

The Doctor remarks that from this analysis the soil contains as much lime and magnesia as could be furnished by a dressing of one hundred and fifty bushels per acre. An uncommon quantity of iron. As there was a lack of phosphates, he recommended a preparation composed of biphosphate of lime. This is obtained by dissolving bones in sulphuric acid—bone dust is similar in its effects—a part of the lime being combined with carbonic instead of sulphuric acid.

The corn was accordingly cut off and removed, the field ploughed and harrowed, and laid off into sixteen and one-half feet lands. The preparation was then scattered regularly over it, costing, all told, $10 per acre. One and a quarter bushels of Mediterranean wheat was then sown upon each acre, and harrowed in. No barn-yard or other manure was used. The yield was more than *twenty-nine bushels per acre!*

Isn't this a triumph of science, as applied practically to the renovation of exhausted land?

Winter Wheat for Fall Feed.

Our neighbor, Ephraim Wood, Esq., of Winthrop, has taken much pains to prepare a piece of land for winter wheat. The land being somewhat low, and heretofore saturated with water in the spring and fall, he has been to considerable expense to drain it in a suitable manner, in order to get control of the water.

He ploughed and manured it well, and sowed his wheat in August, with a variety of grasses. It looks finely now, and he not long since began to feed it down.

In conversation with him the other day, he said he had learned this fact, viz: *that winter wheat, put in early, is a profitable crop for fall feed, if for nothing else.* The idea struck us as one worth knowing, and not only knowing but practicing.

Suppose a small farmer has two or three cows, and is not very well supplied with pasturage. Let him sow a patch of corn to keep up the feed during the latter part of August, and after this is gone, if he has put in a patch of winter wheat early, he may turn them in and let them crop it more or less, as he likes. In the spring he can let the field rest until he sees in what condition it is coming out from the winter, and he can then let it remain for the harvest, or, if badly winter killed he can plough it up and devote it to some other crop.

We commend the idea to the consideration of our friends, and for practical experiment another year, if they think favorably of it.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

Query.

Mr. Holmes—I saw in the thirty-fifth number of your excellent paper, a description of Mr. Gilmore's apiary, the amount of honey made, &c. In your closing remark, you said, "In a change of material consists the profit."

Will you please give some information relative to the expense of the food given to the bees, how much the profit will exceed the expense, &c.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.

An old farmer.

South Monteville, Me., Oct. 4th, 1850.

Note. The method adopted by Mr. Gilmore, is the subject of a patent, and we are not in *all* the secrets. Mr. G. sells his honey readily for from twenty-five cents to two shillings per pound, and we suppose that the material fed to the bees cannot cost more than a quarter or half of that.

[Editor.

In Washington county the potato rot is said to be injuring the crop very much. It affects the pototoes both in the field and cellar.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Butter, Cheese and Fruit.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Kennebec Co. Ag. Society:

The Committee on Butter, Cheese and Fruit, having examined the articles offered for premiums, ask leave to submit the following statement.

Twelve lots of butter were entered and examined, all of which appeared well and did honor to those worthy individuals who were employed in manufacturing such a valuable article for family use. Our task was rendered less difficult by the presence and assistance of the Ladies, members of the committee, who performed their duty with fidelity and promptness. If there were any fault it was in the salting, which was done too freely, as is rather common at the present time. It does not necessarily follow, because all do not get "the premium," they are not worthy of much praise. Far from it. They may be as valuable, or nearly so, as those specimens to which the premium is awarded; but we were limited, and after thorough inspection we unanimously agreed to award the first premium on butter to No. 9, (Mrs. Lewis Wood, Winthrop,) which was very nice, and not so highly seasoned as other lots; and was accompanied by written statements, as requested by the Trustees, of the process by which it was made. The second we award to No. 37, (Mrs. Samuel H. Gove, Readfield,) and the third to No. 74, (Mrs. Truxton Wood, Winthrop.)—Your committee almost regretted not being licensed to give but three premiums, when others were so nearly entitled to it. No. 61, (Mrs. Atsett Luce, Readfield,) was marked as nice, but it was judged there was not thirty pounds; some other lots were spoken of in terms of praise, particularly by the female portion of the committee.

Five lots of cheese were presented to us for examination, that appeared well, and, in our judgment, were worthy of your society's premium; we therefore award the first premium on cheese to No. 32, (Mrs. D. C Williams, Readfield,) three cheeses, weighing 63 lbs.; the second to No. 76, (Mrs. Samuel Hubbard, Fayette;) and the third to No. 17, (Mrs. John E. Snell, Winthrop.)

Our next article on the list was Fruit, but we looked almost in vain for one of the most valuable products of our farms, in this State. No entries were made, in sufficient quantity for a premium. It is an undeniable fact that no article can be produced on our farms or gardens of so much value, in comparison with the cost, as fruit. Our citizens are being more interested in fruit culture, in different parts of the State, and we hope this spirit of enterprise will continue to increase until Maine will become a "Forest of Orchard."

Respectfully submitted,

D. A. Fairbanks, *Chairman.*

On Household Manufactures.

The Committee on Household Manufactures submit the following, by way of Report.

The first articles coming under the notice of your committee, were a lot of Hearth Rugs, of various style, texture, and workmanship. Many of them indicating taste and skill on the part of the manufacturers, and all of them, from the nature of the materials of which they are constructed, showing a commendable spirit of economy and industry in converting what would be otherwise worthless into articles of ornament and use. To No. 60, (Mrs. Joseph Vina, Winthrop,) your committee award the Society's first premium, and to No. 20, (Miss Louisa Fairbanks, Winthrop,) the second.

We examined four pieces of woolen carpeting, all of which are pronounced *good*, and all affording conclusive evidence that our housekeepers are not *necessarily* dependent upon foreigners for their carpets, but may have them of home manufacture, if they *will*, of a quality rich and fine enough to satisfy a good republican taste. We award the first premium to No. 42, (Mrs. Dudley Haines, Readfield,) the second to No. 75, (Miss Mary Ann Thing, Chelsea.)

There was but one piece of fulled cloth upon our list. It was an excellent piece, and had it been long enough your committee would have cut the web in two, and awarded the premium to each end, but, as it was not, they give the first premium to No. 4, (Mrs. Albert Stone, Mt. Vernon.)

Two woolen shawls were presented, both good articles. One of a very heavy, firm manufacture, with good colors, well arranged. And we venture to say that it will as well protect the wearer, if it does not as much adorn her, as anything that can be produced from the celebrated establishment of Jewett & Prescott, and we give it, No. 6, (Mrs. Combs, Windsor,) the first premium. To No. 34, (Mrs. S. H. Richardson, Mt. Vernon,) we award the second premium.

Only one piece of cotton and wool flannel was exhibited, No. 8, (Mrs. C. Guild, Augusta.)—This deserves and we give it the first premium.

There were three pieces of woolen flannel, which came under our notice, all of which were good, comfortable articles, but only two pieces contain a sufficient number of yards to entitle them to premiums. To No. 72, (Miss Mary V. Cummings, Kennebec,) a piece of plain white, we award the Society's first premium, and to No. 52, (Mrs. W. Clough, Mt. Vernon,) a piece of plaid, the second premium.

No. 35, (Mrs. S. H. Richardson, Mt. Vernon,) is a good specimen of worsted yarn, more valuable than any street yarn ever spun, and we award it the Society's first premium.

Our path of duty was next checkered by some half dozen Bed Spreads, of different lights and shades. And here your committee were pretty much puzzled in agreeing upon the proper principles to be applied in determining the particular and peculiar properties which should prove the piece most properly and preeminently premium patchwork. Upon the whole we concluded that good taste in the arrangement, neatness and durability in the workmanship, with a due regard for the expense of material, would entitle No. 28, (Mrs. John Sesm, Fayette,) to your first premium, and No. 48, (Mrs. Calvin Johnson, Fayette,) to the second.

One Work Pocket, No. 57, (Mrs. John Richardson, North Wayne,) is a very neat, durable piece of workmanship, and we give it the first premium.

To one Bead Purse, No. 58, (Miss Elizabeth Jennings, North Wayne,) we award the first premium.

As the best Worsted Hose we award the first premium to No. 18, (Mrs. Lewis Wood, Winthrop,) and the second to No. 79, (Mrs. John Dudley, Readfield.)

Some of our good housewives provided your committee with a liberal supply of Half Hose, well adapted to the season. To No. 44, (Mrs. Sarah Kelley, Mt. Vernon,) we award the first premium, and to No. 19, (Mrs. B. P. Briggs, Winthrop,) we give the second premium.

Frocking,—there was but one piece to be found on our list, No. 43, (Mrs. Albert Stone, Mt. Vernon.) This would be an ornament to any honest man's back, and is creditable to the skill and good taste of the manufacturer, and we award it the Society's first premium.

Your committee do not claim to be more fond of labor than their neighbors, but they do regret that they did not find a greater variety of articles in the department assigned them, because it is here that we expect to discover the most substantial evidences of the thrift, good taste, industry, and economy of our housewives. But we forbear to say what we might have been tempted to utter, measuring the interest of the ladies in the progress and success of this association merely by what they have contributed to the Fair, because we have undeniable proof, that what was lacking yesterday, in making up that which should be termed the *Ladies' Fair*, is abundantly supplied, this morning, by a most generous exhibition of *fair Ladies.*

All which is respectfully submitted.

E. O. Bean, *Chairman.*

Fattening Animals.

There is a great advantage in commencing the fattening of animals early in the fall. There are many articles on a farm which may be profitably used at this season, but which, from their perishable nature, would be lost, or greatly depreciated in value, by long keeping. Early apples, squashes, pumpkins, unmerchantable potatoes, and unsound corn, should be used first. But besides the advantage in saving these kinds of food, there is another important argument in favor of early fattening; the same amount and quality of food will go farther, or will produce a greater amount of meat, in mild weather than in cold—less food being required to supply the waste of the animal system under a mild temperature, than under a low one.

Experiments have established the fact that for *swine* there is a great advantage in cooking food. This advantage results in two ways; first, from the aid which the cooking process affords to the organs of digestion, by bringing the nutritive properties of the food into a condition in which they may be more easily assimilated; second, by rendering food more palatable, so that some articles, which would be rejected in a raw state, are, when cooked, eaten with avidity.

The actual saving or gain by cooking, depends upon many circumstances, and perhaps has never been ascertained with mathematical accuracy.—Indian corn may be fed liberally to hogs, in a raw state, before it becomes fully hardened, and they will extract the nutriment from it pretty thoroughly; but after it is seasoned and dried, it cannot be used to advantage (except when fed in very small quantities) without being ground, or softened by soaking or cooking. The grinding is doubtless best; and if swine are to be *full-fed*, there would then be a considerable saving in cooking the meal, over feeding it raw. Some observing and careful persons have estimated this saving at one-fifth the value of the food, and others at more. The remarks in regard to Indian corn, will apply to other kinds of grain that may be used as food for swine. In fact the *general* advantages of cooking food for these animals, are admitted by most authorities. The *Book of the Farm* observes—"By direct experiment, it has been ascertained that pigs fatten much better on cooked than on raw food. This being the case, it is only a waste of time and material, as also loss of flesh, to attempt to *fatten* pigs on raw food of whatever kind; for although some sorts of food fatten better than others in the same state, yet the same sort, when cooked, fattens much faster and better than in a raw state. The question, therefore, simply is—what is the best sort of food to *cook* for the purpose of fattening pigs? Roots and grains of all kinds, when cooked, will fatten pigs. Potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips, mangel-wurtzel, as roots; and barley, oats, peas, beans, rice, Indian corn, as grain, will all fatten them when prepared."

Swine are benefited by being fed with different kinds of food. They, like most animals, when left to themselves, feed on various plants and substances. This variety is doubtless promotive of their health and thrift; it excites the appetite, and their food is consumed with less waste. We believe, also, that the quality of pork is improved by a mixture of food—that swine fed with food composed of vegetables, fruits, and grain or meal, with dairy slops, will make better pork than those which are fed entirely on Indian corn. The cooking of food probably tends further to the improvement of the quality of the pork. Indian corn contains a large proportion of oil, and when swine are fed with a large quantity of this grain in a raw state, it is not improbable that the oil is assimilated in a greater proportion, comparatively, than the other constituents; and this may partly account for the fact that "western pork," which is produced almost entirely from corn, is generally more oily than eastern.

The feeding of swine with fermented food has been frequently recommended, and some who have practiced it have spoken favorably of its advantages. We apprehend, however, that erroneous ideas on this point are often entertained—especially in regard to the degree to which fermentation should be carried in food. Chemistry teaches that fat may be derived from sugar, and hence the presence of sugar in the food of animals, is important. Now the result of the first fermentation of vegetable substances—the saccharine—is the production of sugar; it is obvious, therefore, that the development of this property in the food may tend to the accumulation of fat in the animal.

The remarks of Dr. Thomson, in regard to the formation of fat may be properly introduced here. He says—"There is another constituent of the animal body, namely, fat, the production of which deserves notice. It is not an organized tissue, but is formed and collected in the cellular tissue under certain circumstances. These are rest and confinement,—that is, a deficiency of oxygen, and abundance of food containing a considerable proportion of non-azotised matter, such as starch, sugar, &c. Now the chief source of fat is sugar, the composition of which is such that when deprived of oxygen, fat remains."

From this reasoning it is evident that the fermentative process, in substances designed for food, should not be carried too far; it should not be allowed to run into the *acetous* stage, as that would convert the sugar into vinegar, a substance which can afford no fat. It is well to prepare the food beforehand, and in such quantities that it may be brought into the proper state at the time it is given to the animals.

As to the manner of cooking, and apparatus for the same, perhaps there is nothing preferable to Mott's Portable Furnace, a cut of which is herewith given. It will answer either for boiling or steaming.

"It it formed of cast iron, and is of itself both stove and boiler. Its form is such that the fire passes completely round the kettle or boiler, the space being some two to three inches between the outside or stove and the boiler. This causes the water to boil very quickly, and with very little fuel, saves all the expense of masonry and brickwork, as a funnel or stove pipe is all that is necessary to give it a draft for all purposes."

As a general rule, we think boiling is quite as convenient and economical as steaming, and where meal is to be mixed with vegetables or fruits, the former is preferable, as the meal can be added when the mass is sufficiently cooked to admit of a ready mixture. The water will be taken up by the meal, which, being thoroughly stirred in, will become cooked with the rest. In moderate weather, the food may be transferred from the boiler to wooden vats, as soon as it is cooked. A considerable quantity may be thus prepared at a time, and it may be allowed to pass into that stage of fermentation which is proper for developing its nutrient properties.

Articles which are of the most perishable nature should be used first. Squashes and pumpkins, when well ripened, constitute a nourishing food, for cattle or swine. For the latter, it is best to cook them. They should be boiled in as little water as will answer, and when soft, they should be mashed fine, and about one-fourth of their bulk of meal intimately mixed in. This kind of food, with a little skimmed milk or whey, will fatten swine very fast; and for two months, or from the middle of September to the middle of October, we scarcely know a better article for feeding stock, taking cost of production and value into consideration.

It has been before observed that a variety of food is useful for fattening animals; and in fattening hogs, we prefer mixing the different articles at the time of cooking. The writer has formerly used the following mixtures with good success:—1. Two parts potatoes and two parts pumpkins; boil together till they can be easily mashed fine—then add one part meal, stirring and mixing intimately together. 2. Two parts potatoes, and two of ripe palatable apples—either sweet or sour; boil till they can be mashed fine; then add one part meal—(either that from Indian corn, barley, or oats and peas, allowing the same weights)—mix the whole together while the potatoes and apples are hot. Whatever dairy slops are to be used, may be mixed with the other cooked food when it is taken from the boiler, and the whole may be fed together.

The above remarks on feeding with cooked food, refer to swine; for fattening cattle, it is not certain that the use of cooked food would be attended with results sufficiently advantageous to defray the extra expense. Except when fed with whole grain, it is believed that cattle extract the nutriment from their food, more perfectly than swine. We may not be able to assign the direct cause of this, though it results doubtless, from the different organization of the animal. The intestines of the ox tribe, are much longer than those of swine which probably increases the absorption of nutriment; and the process of rumination may afford still further advantages in this respect.

There is, however, one kind of cooked food for cattle, which seems to have been used with advantage in England. It is commonly known as "Waines' Compound." It is prepared, with little variation, both for sheep and cattle, as follows:

For *sheep*, a quantity of flax-seed is first reduced by a mill or a machine. Put 168 lbs. of water into an iron boiler, and as soon as it boils, stir in 21 lbs. of linseed meal; continue to stir it for about five minutes, then let 63 lbs. of crushed barley or Indian corn meal be sprinkled by the hand of one person upon the boiling mucilage, while another rapidly stirs and crams it in. After the whole has been carefully incorporated, which will not occupy more than five or ten minutes, cover it down and throw the furnace-door open. Should there be much fire, put it out.

For *cattle*, the same process is to be observed, but the quantity of water is reduced to about 150 lbs. It is stated, also, that the seed and grain should be more finely reduced for cattle than for sheep, as sheep chew their food better, and more thoroughly digest it. The compound is put while hot into shapes like brick moulds. Several of the boxes are made together, in one frame—the frame being about 28 inches long, and ten wide with neither top nor bottom. When used, it is placed on a board, which should be a little longer and wider then the frame. The "compound" is pressed into these moulds, and afterwards left to dry. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, or mangel-wurtzel, boiled and incorporated with the linseed meal, form a compound upon which cattle fatten with great rapidity.

The compound is given in small quantities at first. During the first week five to seven pounds per day are allowed to each bullock, and after that time, the quantity may be increased to fourteen, and finally to twenty-five pounds per day.

Mr. Coleman, who, while in England, saw th "compound" prepared, and had some opportunit to learn its value, observes—"I place the fullest confidence in the statements of Mr. Warnes. From my own experience and observation, I am convinced that no more nutritious or fattening food can be given to animals, swine excepted, (as it gives an unpleasant taste to the pork,) than cooked linseed or flax-seed jelly, in certain proportions; and it may be mixed with cut hay, or with various other articles of food, with equal success."

We have known some trials made with flax-seed prepared in a manner similar to the above, in fattening cattle, and the results have been very favorable. But the article commonly used in stall-feeding, in this country, is Indian corn meal. In the western states the corn is usually fed with the stalk—being cut up and placed in shocks for that purpose, soon after the grain begins to harden. Raw Indian meal is, however, a very *hearty* food, and when an animal is fed with a large quantity day after day, it is very apt to cloy. This is owing in a great degree to its lying in too solid a mass in the stomach, and to its not affording sufficient distension to the intestines, to produce a proper action of the absorbent vessels. To remedy this, it has been found useful to mix the meal with some light substance, which permits the juices of the stomach to penetrate it; and which will at the same time give the requisite bulk to produce a healthy action of the viscera. This insures the thorough extraction of the nutriment of the food, and the thrift and gain of the animal.

The grinding of the cob with the grain answers, in a good degree, the purpose above mentioned. It has been ascertained, also, that the cob of itself is capable of affording considerable nourishment to the animal. Dr. Salisbury in his *Prize Essay on Indian Corn* observes.—"By rejecting the cobs of 1,000 lbs. of dry ears, about 200 lbs. of organic matter is lost, which consists of 13½ lbs. of sugar and extract, 127½ lbs. of fibre, 45½ lbs. of matter separated from fibre by a weak solution of potash, 2½ lbs. of albumen, 288 of a pound of casein, 2.31 lbs. of gum or dextrine, 1.8 lbs. of resin, and 7.4 lbs. of glutinous matter. Hence the cob, although not rich in nutritive matter, can by no means be said to be destitute of those proximate principles which go to support respiration, and sustain animal heat, and those which are capable of being trasformed into nerve, muscle, &c., and the phosphates which contribute so largely to the formation of bone."

By the mixture of the cob with the meal therefore, we obtain the two-fold advantage of having the meal more thoroughly digested, and of saving the nutrient qualities of the cob. Mixing meal with cut hay, straw or chaff answers a good purpose. It is necessary that the fodder should be dampened with water, so that the meal will adhere to it, and it may be easily mixed together with a fork. A full-grown ox will eat from eight to ten quarts of meal per day, which is usually divided into two equal parts, one given in the morning and the other in the evening. If the meal has the cob mixed with it, or if mixed with cut hay, the quantity may be somewhat increased. The feeder should, however, carefully watch the appetite of each animal, and be sure to give no more than is eaten.

The feeding of vegetables to cattle in connection with meal, is beneficial. Potatoes, turneps, beets, or apples, tend to prevent the heating effect of the meal—they sharpen the appetite, assist digestion, and promote the general health of the animal. It is the opinion of some observing feeders, that half a bushel per day of either of these articles, given in addition to the usual quantity of meal, will increase the gain thirty per cent.

To obtain the greatest benefit from the food eaten, the utmost regularity should be observed in feeding. The quantity given at a time should be just what the animal will eat with a good appetite and no more, and the meals should be at regular intervals. It is believed that cattle kept constantly in the stall and in a temperature of about 70° F., will fatten faster than those which run in yards with sheds for shelter. At all events, the animals should be kept easy and quiet, as quietness conduces much to the secretion of fat. [Albany Cultivator.

Vegetable Instinct. If a pan of water be placed within six inches on either side of the stem of a young pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will, in the course of the night, approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet runner, it will find it, although the prop be shifted daily. If, after it had twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of its spiral, and they will twine around each other. Duhamal placed some kidney beans in a cylinder of moist earth. After a short time they began to germinate, of course sending the plume upwards to the light, and the root down into the soil. After a few days, the cylinder was turned one-fourth round, and again and again this was repeated until an entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth, and it was found that both the plume and radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution, and the one in its efforts to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the root is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it.

Kicking Horses. Daniel D. Gitt, of Adams county, in this State, communicates to the *American Farmer*, his mode of breaking horses of the vile and dangerous habit of kicking. He says,

"I attach one end of a strong line to the hind pastern of the horse, and take it forward through the loop, fastened to the trace, at the side of the horse, and attach the other end of the line to the bridle; a line attached thus at each side of the horse, if left sufficiently long to just enable him to make a step, will at every kick he may make, operate so severly upon his mouth as to cause him very soon to give it up as a bad job."

[Ex. paper.

All About Apples.

Picking Winter Apples. The usual time of picking winter apples is the last of September, or the fore part of October; many leave them until the middle of October, which improves the flavor, though they do not keep so well. In order to pick them, some take a small basket in the tree, fill it, and then let it down by means of a rope, which will upset the basket. As a better mode, some recommend placing bags or piles of hay under the tree to throw the apples on; the hay to be so formed that the apples will roll off as soon as it strikes; but I would recommend to fruit gatherers the machine called a "fruit gatherer," an article by which a man is enabled to pick the fruit while standing on the ground, and also much faster than in any other way. The apple should be pulled so as to retain the small stem only, and to do this it is necessary that the apple should be pulled in a right line with the stem. If the apple is twisted a little it will come off easy without the leaf.

Preserving Winter Apples. After picking in the fall, the apples should be kept in some cool shed until the weather becomes so cold as to render their removal to the cellar necessary, in order to keep them from freezing; for it is heat and moisture that hastens their decay. Apples that are to be kept long must be kept cool and dry. A cellar which has ice in one part of it is desirable. We have always found them to keep best by having hanging shelves for their reception.

Another Mode—To Keep Apples for Spring Use.—The following, judging from experience, I believe to be a very efficient mode of keeping apples:—They are to be kept in chaff. First put a layer of chaff sprinkled with quicklime over the bottom; then a layer of apples, followed by another stratum of chaff and lime, and so on until the cask is filled. In regard to this method the editor of the *Genesee Farmer* says:

"It is well known to all those who have been in the practice of burying apples in heaps, that the fruit comes out in the spring much fresher, and oftener flavored than it does when kept in open bins in the cellar—a part of the flavor in the latter case, doubtless evaporating. This method has all the advantage of burying, with another which we will explain. When one apple among many in a bin rots, the adjoining ones are contaminated; and not unfrequently a mass of rottenness occurs, surrounded by much sound fruit. Now the use of the lime is to absorb the gases generated by the putrefaction, and prevent such *leaven* from spreading."

It does not require much lime; less than a quart for a barrel is sufficient.

Apples for Stock. As there are always at this time of the year apples laying under the trees rotting, perhaps a few remarks in regard to feeding them to stock, will not come amiss to some of your readers.

They may be turned to profit by feeding them to hogs, cows, horses and sheep, as they are admirably adapted to promote the thrift of stock generally. Some have imbibed a very strong prejudice against feeding them to cows; but the idea that cows fed on them will shrink their milk, is altogether absurd; that is, when fed in a judicious manner, with ripe well matured apples. I have no doubt that if fed too freely, when the food taken is of a succulent and fermentable nature, it will be likely to produce fever; but overfeeding with potatoes, &c., will be just as likely to prove injurious. As to the quantity which should be given a common sized cow, I would not recommend more than a peck to half a bushel, according to the appetite of the animal. This amount will answer the purpose of a liberal feeding with hay and grain.

Leonade.

Germantown, Pa., 1850. [Dollar Newspaper.

Harvesting and Storing Root Crops.

Carrots, sugar beets, and mangel wurtzel should be well secured before the occurrence of heavy frosts. They should be perfectly matured, before they are pulled, which may be known by the yellowish color of some of their leaves. If allowed to remain unharvested beyond that time, a new elaboration of the juices takes place, and much of the saccharine principle, which is the fattening one, is destroyed.

Turnips and parsneps may be left in the ground until there is danger of freezing, and the latter, if not wanted for winter use, are all the better for remaining unpulled until spring. In this case, all the water must be carefully led away from the beds, otherwise, they might rot.

Potatoes, for winter keeping, should never be dug before they are ripe, which may generally be known by the decaying of the vines.

All kinds of culinary roots, after digging, should be protected from the sun, by throwing over them some leaves or straw, and as soon as the dirt attached to them becomes dry, let them be carried, at once, to the cellar or pit, where they are to be stored. They should be kept from the air by putting them in barrels or bins, loosely covered with straw; and it would be still better for them to sift in between the interstices some fine, dry sand, or powdered, air-slacked lime. Such as are stored in the fields may be put in pits, where the ground is sandy and dry; or they may be piled up in conical or long heaps above the surface, at any height required. A coating of straw should first be laid over them, in the manner of thatching the roofs of buildings, in order to shed off the rain. In parts of the country subject to heavy frosts or snows, the heaps should be covered with a layer of earth, sufficiently thick to prevent the roots from freezing; but care must be observed not to expose them, if possible, to a temperature above 38° or 40° F., as they then would be liable to heat, grow corky, and probably rot. The earthy covering for winter need not generally be completed until quite late in the season; as, by leaving the straw partially bare, the escape of moisture and heat from the roots will thereby be facilitated, which is all-important, immediately after they are thus stored. When finally covered over for the winter, a hole should be left at the top of the heap, or several, if the pile be long, in each of which a wisp of straw should be placed, for the escape of moisture and gas. If the ground be stiff and clayey, the heap should be surrounded by a ditch, at least a foot deep, so as to carry off all water that might accumulate from rain or melting snow; otherwise the lowermost portions of the heaps would become wet and spoil.

[American Agriculturist.

Every nature is not a fit stock to graft a scholar on.

Water Witching.

Why not publish occasional short articles on this mooted subject! It is not so wonderful as wheat turning to cheat. Let the writers confine themselves to facts. It would gratify the curious, promote habits of observation, and perhaps lead to practical results. Let some of the successful experimenters be subjected to repeated trials of their skill. The following facts come under my observation:

While residing in Vermont, a person of whom we had heard an account no less remarkable than that narrated by Emery Westervelt, come to my brother's. Being skeptical, we determined to give him a *poser*. In a certain locality selected for him, he soon found water, *very near the surface*. At our request, after much search and apparently by accident, he again discovered the "vein," and was surprised to find it running, not as it should, *down*, but along the hill side. He had unmistakably found our *pump-log*, which conveyed water to the yard! He was a stranger to the place; the spring was thirty rods distant, out of sight; the ground smooth and covered with a light snow, and he did not know we had water in the yard.

We next requested him to examine above the barn, where the inclination of the ground and indications were favorable. He assured us we should find no permanent water sufficiently near the surface. We never dug to be disappointed.

My brother now requested him to search for water above his house, upon a dry hill side of slight elevation. He commenced his search near the top of the hill, and on approaching the house, discovered slight indications of water. And finally, in pursuance of our request, said, by digging *ten feet above the northwest corner* of the house, and *nine or ten feet deep*, we should find a moderate supply of water. The ground here was two feet above the house floor. In that very *corner of the cellar*, were strong indications of a spring, of which fact he was totally ignorant. The spring has since been deepened, and affords a supply for the family.

If this were all "good guessing," the individual possessed more sagacity than we could have supposed. He is a person of limited acquirements, but of undoubted integrity, incapable of knowingly practicing deception. He could not tell *why the rod worked*, but *he knew it did work, and he found, and could find water.*

If E. Westervelt will examine open spaces and old roads in timber land, he will find the trees stretching out their branches or *inclining* towards them in search of room and light. Let him subject his operators to such tests as are warranted above, and enough such "fortunate coincidents" would finally make a *fact*.

L. Tader.

Jefferson Co., Ohio, 1850

Remarks. We are quite willing to publish "occasionally short articles" on *water witching*, or any other subject of general interest to our readers—especially if, as suggested, the writers confine themselves to *facts* and arguments legitimately deduced therefrom. At the same time, we wish it to be understood that we are not willing to use our columns to propagate error; and when we feel persuaded that the facts are misstated or misunderstood, or the arguments unfounded, we shall take liberty to guard the minds of our young readers, especially, against being mislead by them; or shall at least express our own dissent from the conclusions to which the writer may seem to have arrived.

In regard to the foregoing alleged facts, we think if the whole truth was known, the operator was not so ignorant of the existence of the pump log as he pretended, nor of the reason why the rod worked in his hand. However, we may be in error on this point; and we only ask for more *proof*. Give us the *names* and *residences* of some of these remarkably endowed operators with the forked stick, that a larger number of our readers may test their skill and be benefitted thereby. We would ourself travel some miles to be enlightened in this way. [Ohio Cultivator.

Power of a bushel of coals. It is well known to engineers that there is a virtue in a bushel of coals, properly consumed, to raise seventy millions of pounds weight a foot high. This is actually the average effect of an engine at this moment working at Huel Towan, in Cornwall. Let us pause a moment, and consider what this is equivalent to in matters of practice.

The ascent of Mont Blanc, from the valley of Chamouni, is considered, and with justice, as the most toilsome feat that a strong man can execute in two days. The combustion of two pounds of coal would place him on the summit.

The Menai bridge, one of the most stupendous works of art that has been raised by man in modern ages, consists of a mass of iron, not less than four millions of pounds in weight, suspended at a medium height of 170 feet above the sea. The combustion of seven bushels of coal would suffice to raise it to the place where it hangs. The pyramid of Egypt is composed of granite. It is seven hundred feet in the side of the base, and 500 in perpendicular height, and stands on 11 acres of ground. Its weight is therefore 12,760 millions of pounds, at a medium height of 126 feet; consequently it would be raised by the effort of about 360 chaldrons of coal—a quantity consumed in some foundries in a week. The annual consumption of coal in London is estimated at 1,500,000 chaldrons.

The effort of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble, 2200 feet in the side through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one such mountain upon another. The Monte Nuovo, near Pozzoli, which was erupted in a single night by a volcanic fire, might have been raised by such an effort, from a depth of 50,000 feet or about 8 miles. [Working Men's Friend.

To Preserve Pumpkins. Preservation of pumpkins, observes a farmer, through the greater part of the winter, if sound and well ripened, is easily attained, by stowing them in a mow of dry hay or straw, or placing on a barn floor and covering with any light forage. A dry cellar will frequently keep them sound; but these are usually too moist for this purpose. They ought occasionally to be looked after, and any showing evidence of incipient decay, should be immediately used. All the partially ripe, small, and imperfect should be fed soon after taking from the field.

[We have kept them to the middle of July by putting them in a dry cellar upon a scaffold, where the temperature was at no time below the freezing point. [Telegraph.

MAINE FARMER.

R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 17, 1850.

Nineteenth Cattle Show and Fair of the Kennebec Co. Ag. Society.

The nineteenth Cattle Show and Fair of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society came off on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.—The weather was very fine indeed, and the crowd of people was evidence that they enjoyed the opportunities there afforded them of coming together and uniting in the festivities of the occasion.

The good people of Readfield had exerted themselves with praiseworthy desires to give every facility and accommodation to the Society and the people, and are deserving great credit for their successful arrangements.

We have seldom if ever seen so many really fine oxen and steers at any previous show, (and we have had some good ones.) A friend informs us that he took pains to count the number of yokes of oxen and steers on the ground, and found them to amount to one hundred and eighty-two, or three hundred and sixty-four head. Add to these the numbers that were driven there singly or not yoked, and you can have some idea of the array of neat stock on the ground.

Fayette and Mount Vernon and Readfield and Winthrop all sent in "town teams," and it was a goodly sight to see them stretched along, side by side, across the field. Fayette, as usual, bore away the palm. Mr. Tuck's team of six large, milk white oxen, and Mr. Underwood's large, handsome, compact half-blood Herefords attracted much attention. The teams from the other towns were all excellent, but Fayette yet wears the bell in the ox business. They are an upright, moral and religious people in that goodly town; if they were not, so great is their love for fine cattle, we should probably find them, like the Egyptians of old, worshipping the ox as a household Deity.

The Show in other respects was very fair, but not so full as in some years. Our friend Wadsworth, of East Livermore was there with his Durhams. They are thorough-bred and of pure blood, no mistake. Some fine calves were on the ground, but not enough of them. A large, stately one, belonging to the Messrs. Benson, of Winthrop, and one belonging to John C. Wood, of Winthrop, attracted particular attention.—The show of cows was deficient in numbers. That of sheep, as it regards numbers, was the smallest ever seen in Kennebec since sheep were known. Only three were presented. They were good ones—but where are the flocks of Old Kennebec! We could give a significant answer if it would not be considered out of place. The show of swine was small. Friend Kezer was on the ground with a cart load of fine pigs, from which we infer that there is a prospect of a supply of pork by another year.

There was quite a lively show of horses, and we remarked, as we passed by the ring, that all of them were greys, except a splendid bay horse Jethro, sired by the old Indian Chief, offered for exhibition only by M. A. Chandler, Esq., of Belgrade, together with a pair of his colts which were very fine.

We are sorry to say that the show of manufactured articles was very thin. We find no fault with the quality of the articles: they evinced much skill and good taste, but why were there not more of them! Fruits and the products of the field and garden came up missing entirely. Were our farmers and gardeners discouraged because their orchards bore but little, their corn *longer snouted* than usual, and the caterpillar had trimmed their turnips! We hope better luck for them next year, but they might have brought many good specimens, nevertheless, and they ought to have done it.

The Society and other guests dined at Craig's Hotel, and "mine host," the Colonel, gave us a first-rate, substantial dinner. All were full fed and well fed, at a very reasonable cost. It takes Craig and his good lady to feed the farmers, and send them away "fat and happy."

In the afternoon the great *point* of attraction was the drawing match; and so attractive was it that the whole populace seemed converged to a *point so close* around the oxen that they had difficulty in moving. Thus passed the first day. The morning of the second was one of the most lovely of the season—one of those quiet, soft, bright but mellow dawnings of the Indian summer. At 9 o'clock the competitors at the ploughing match assembled to try their skill in this all-important art. We could not be present, and must refer you to the report of the committee for further particulars. After this, it seemed as if "all the world and the rest of mankind" assembled at the meeting-house to hear the address and the report of the committees. The address was delivered by Dr. Geo. H. Dadd, of Boston, favorably known as author of a valuable work on the Horse and its diseases, and a skillful Veterinary surgeon. It was a practical, instructive and interesting discourse—full of valuable suggestions and doctrines necessary for the farmer to know. The choir acquitted themselves well, and after listening to the reports of the several committees, the Society adjourned. It was a good Show and a good time. The people of Readfield, as we have before said, are deserving of great credit for the arrangements they made at so short notice. We have seldom seen so many people together that kept so good order. Everything went off peaceably and all were well satisfied.

California.

We publish to-day several letters from California. It will be seen by the tenor of them and of others that we have published before that this country is not what it is cracked up to be. In addition to the hardships and privations to be encountered, there is a great loss of life. Too many of our enterprising New England boys have found premature graves there—dying far from their friends and kindred, oftentimes with none who cared aught about them to soothe their last hours or drop the tear of affection over their graves. Out of a little band of our neighbors in Winthrop that started last summer, young and ardent, with strong hands and high hopes, three died on their passage from Panama and now lie in their dreamless sleep beneath the waves of the Pacific, viz: Harrison G. O. Clark, aged 30; Warren Daggett, aged 39; and James Jenness, aged 38. They have gone to a better country than California.

WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. The Local Committee for the State of Maine are reminded that their adjourned meeting will take place at the State House on Thursday, Oct. 31st. It is hoped there will be a general attendance.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.

The Cattle Show and Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society was held in Waterville on the 1st and 2d days of the present month. We learn from the Eastern Mail that a larger number of persons were in attendance than at any former anniversary of the Society. In the various departments of the exhibition, we infer, from the list of premiums awarded, that there was no very marked deficiency. Premiums were awarded on all the various classes of neat cattle, on horses, sheep, swine and fowls. "Most conspicuous," says the Mail, "as an index of the improvement which is the object aimed at, was the young stock, yearlings and calves. It was easy to see what the Society is doing, or has done, for the farmers in this County. No good judge could fail to see that better oxen and cows will stand in that field when those calves come to maturity."

The Committee on manufactured articles notice a large number of specimens of needle work, lamp-mats, hearth-rugs and bed-spreads, and also various other useful and ornamental articles. They, however, express the regret that of some of the more substantial articles, such as "Fulled Cloth," "Flannel," and "Woolen Yarn," there were no entries whatever, and they would also express the hope that those who have the means of supplying these deficiencies will not allow one-third of the Society's premiums for "Manufactured Articles" again to go unawarded.

"The beautiful display of honey and the architectural ingenuity of the bee, by Mr. Wm. Ellis, was an object of rare interest to the curious, and one that did much credit to the owner."

Several paintings from accomplished artists residing in the neighborhood added greatly to the interest of the exhibition. Two vases of artificial flowers, and a splendid bouquet of natural flowers, were much admired.

Premiums were awarded for specimens of apples and pears, butter and cheese, leather, agricultural implements, wagon and sleigh, which, with various other articles, which we are unable to particularize, went to make up the exhibition.

Aroostook Agricultural Society.

The Cattle Show and Fair of the Aroostook County Agricultural Society was held in Houlton, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2d and 3d. The weather was rather unfavorable, yet in many respects the exhibition was highly satisfactory, and showed a commendable interest in the cause of agricultural improvement among the farmers of that new and interesting portion of the State.

Among the stock at the exhibition we noticed some very fine and thrifty animals, which would be creditable to any agricultural exhibition in the State. Mr. Putnam, of No. 11, Calais Road, exhibited a herd of thirteen noble animals. A pair of fat oxen, five years old, belonging to Mr. Lovering, of Houlton, one of which measured in girth seven feet ten inches, attracted considerable attention; also a large and handsome pair of working oxen owned by Mr. Blanchard, of the same town. We noticed a fine fat heifer and a young bull, said to belong to Hon. S. Carey; and a full blood Durham cow, which was purchased in Pennsylvania by Dr. Nourse, and sent into Aroostook County. The name of her present owner we do not recollect. There were various other animals on the ground which were worthy of a more extended notice, but we are unable to give the particulars.

Several flocks of sheep were on the ground. They were generally hardy and thrifty animals, with wool of rather a coarser grade than that usually raised in Kennebec. Mr. Perley, who owns an extensive farm in the vicinity of Woodstock, N. B., sent a very fine large buck to the exhibition, which we understood was imported from England. This breed of sheep, which is known in that vicinity as the English or Perley breed, is considered valuable for crossing with the smaller and finer wooled varieties—forming a larger and more hardy animal, which is thought to be more profitable and better adapted to the climate.

Several swine were offered for premium. A sow and six pigs belonging to Mr. Nickerson, of Linneus, we consider superior to any we have elsewhere seen the present season.

The show of horses was very respectable. At least eight breeding mares, with their colts, were offered for premiums, and in our judgment they would not suffer by comparison with those of any other exhibition in the State.

We did not examine the dairy products offered for premiums, nor did we learn any particulars relative to them.

Only a very few articles of domestic manufacture were exhibited. We noticed some excellent specimens of corn, well filled and well ripened—the growth of 1850; a fine lot of Marrow squashes, the largest of which weighed thirty-four pounds, and some very good cabbages.

For further particulars of this exhibition, we would refer our readers to the list of premiums awarded, which will hereafter be published in the Farmer.

THE MAINE FARMER. The leading article of our June number, headed "The Most Profitable Breed of Sheep," after having been largely copied by our exchanges, is at last credited by the *Maine Farmer*—by-the-by, one of the most valuable of our exchanges—to the *Urbana Citizen*, a paper we have never seen, nor know of. We have no doubt it was done erroneously, and expect the *Farmer* will make the proper amends. To bring system into our wool growing business, must be our main object, without doing so, that important branch of our national industry will never reach the climax of perfection. Our paper, to render itself a worthy and reliable organ to the wool growers, is laboring assiduously to bring about such a state of improvement, and for the accomplishment of that object our remarks, contained in the above mentioned article, were mostly directed. Our opinions, however, are the fruit of study and untiring observation, for which we claim at least the credit, and certainly we are most justly entitled to it.

[Wool Grower.

NOTE. Why yes, dear Wool Grower, if we have wronged you in this thing we will cheerfully repay you "four-fold"—that is, give you credit for the article *four times*.

We do not now remember from what paper the article referred to was taken; but we always endeavor to "render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's," and if he doesn't always get it in our columns, it is because Cesar's cap gets on to somebody's else head, and we mistake him for one of the rabble. ED.

P. S. Our foreman, on reading the above, said he recollected that the piece was taken from the "Working Farmer," and on turning to the August number of that work, page 102, you will find it just as it was copied into the Maine Farmer, and there credited to the "*Urbana Citizen*"!!!! Brother Mapes where *are you?* It isn't long since you lectured us on some sins of omission. "*Aren't*" you a little bit sinful now? Walk up to friend Peters and do penance.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. As Mrs. Stackpole and Mrs. Springer, from the East side of the river, were riding in a carriage on Saturday last, when about a mile above the bridge the carriage upset in consequence of striking against a team which they were passing, throwing them out and injuring Mrs. Stackpole very badly.

California Correspondence.

CALIFORNIA, EL DORADO GOLD DIGGINGS, August 15th, 1850.

FRIEND EATON:—It is now about ten months since I left the valley of the beautiful Kennebec, and during my absence I think I have seen something of the "Elephant." Did I think it would be of interest to you I might give you some "Observations by the way-side," but, instead, I will give you a brief narrative of the experience at gold digging of some of the Augusta boys, passengers in the J. A. Thompson, and some other trifles. To begin, we arrived at San Francisco March 28th, and started for the mines about the third of April, by the way of Sacramento City, through Georgetown and Cullomn, to a place called Stony Bar, on one of the many forks of the American river. We staid at Sacramento City one day, "seeing the sights." A city with 10,000 inhabitants, built in a single year, containing, perhaps, all the elements of future greatness, although, at the present time, things are in rather a crude state. A majority of the buildings are erected with wooden frames, covered with cloth of all kinds, although there are some very beautiful buildings and stores of wood and brick, while fronting them, in the chief business streets, are the stumps of trees which stood there one year since, and some frog ponds or mud pools by the way of variety. The city has been almost entirely submerged for the space of three weeks, since April, when all intercourse was carried on in boats.

We here fell in with some familiar faces, viz: Davis, Brick, Hill, Pillsbury and Norcross, all from Augusta. With the last two we started for the mines, through forests, up hill and down dale, and here I would just observe that California is a "great country," and some pronounce it a *great humbug*, but of the truth of this last remark let posterity judge,—it might be deemed assuming and immodest in me to speak disparagingly of California, after what has been said by Fremont, Thos. B. King, and a host of others. In about a week we found ourselves engaged digging for the precious metal. I think we made about $5 each, the first day, and after this sometimes more and sometimes less, and we worked pretty hard, too. I worked at Stony Bar about a month, when I was taken sick, and, since that time I have not dug any, although I have been engaged in business, for the most part of the time since, which, perhaps, may be as well as if I had been able to dig, for of all uncertain things gold digging is *preeminently uncertain;* and if there are any of our friends who think they have only to come to California to get rich, let me assure them that I do not believe the proportion that get rich here, by digging, much larger than the proportion that amass a fortune in the States; but you will have, and perhaps have already had, communications from those far more competent to give a just conception of the *true* state of things here. I will give a few facts. The best of the mining season has just commenced,—the rivers, (the banks and beds of which are called "wet diggings,") are now low enough to commence operations. Well, at this time, when, if gold were so very abundant, all should be at work, three-fourths of all the miners are roving about, searching for a place to dig; and many, I doubt not, would be glad to be insured $4 or $5 per day, until next October, when the rainy season usually commences.

In forming an estimate of the facility of making a fortune here, you will bear in mind that *poor* living costs the miner from $12 to $14 per week, and he must do his own cooking at that, to say nothing of the hardships and troubles incident to a miner's life, which are neither few nor small, and to which all must submit. And here let me say, a New England home poorly prepares them for it. Thousands of those already here are disgusted, and thousands more discouraged, many of whom will return to the States, as soon as they obtain sufficient means; while tens of thousands more of those now on their way here, and daily arriving, will be sadly disappointed, and find it a matter of rejoicing if they can obtain $3 per day, (the sum for which many are now at work.) You will say, perhaps, that this is the dark side of the picture, but, depend upon it, those who are successful are very few, compared with those who are unsuccessful; and while the story of the former travels on the "wings of the wind," almost, and is told in every ear, the latter is not known. Again, if one is so fortunate as to find a good site, he is entitled to 15 feet of earth. Should he not get his "pile" by working this out, he must go in search of some other place; for anything like success will soon cover the ground for acres with those as anxious for gold as himself, and hence that portion of territory will soon be dug over, and all must migrate to some other place, and perhaps travel hundreds of miles before they will again find a place on which they will be satisfied to commence.

I might continue to give fact after fact of the above description, but you will soon have some of the Augusta boys with you, who will, if I mistake not, give you a darker account than I have. In the mines, heretofore, property of all kinds has been safe from depredation,—now, robbery and theft are frequent, and sometimes murder, even, for gold. The climate in many portions of the diggings is very good, while in other portions it is quite the reverse. To our agricultural friends I would say, that I should prefer New England to any portion of this territory that I have seen or heard of. No rain or dew, here, from April to October, and the earth most of the time like an "ash heap," although in the vicinity of some of the rivers the soil is very fine, and excellent crops are raised.

I wish I could write more favorably for those who have almost made up their minds to come to California, but I do not "set down aught in malice." I have, perhaps, already exhausted your patience, and will close with the prices of some of the leading articles in Sacramento City, per 100 lbs.:—Flour, $12—Pork, $15 a $20—Barley, $9—H. B. Sugar, $30—Crushed do., $50—Coffee, $60—Tea, $50 a $150—Raisins, $10—Dry Apples, $35—Potatoes, $12½—Butter, $75—Cheese, $70—Beans, $15—Lard, $40—Spanish Cigars, $112 a $130, (nice,)—Lumber, $75 a $150—Thick Boots, $6 a $9—Shoes, $2 a $4.

Yours truly,
U. L. PETTENGILL.

We make the following extracts from a letter from ALBION P. BENJAMIN of Winthrop, now in San Francisco, to his father:

"Mr. Batchelder and others from Winthrop arrived on Friday last in a sailing vessel from Panama. All who arrived here are well and rugged, but three of their number (Clark, Daggett, and Jenness) who started with them from Panama are buried in the common grave of thousands. C. W—n is here and expected to start to-day for the Southern mines. He started from Washington in a company formed with the intention of working the quartz rock gold mines of California. The company, like myself, were humbugged by the Law's line, and on arriving at the Isthmus, instead of waiting for the steamer on which they had tickets, to arrive, took passage in other vessels and thus got separated. On his arrival he learned that the company had disbanded, not being able to find any of the said quartz rock. Thus were his "fond anticipations" like those of thousands of others "nipped in the bud." I would like to know when the flood of emigration to this country is going to cease. There are hundreds and perhaps thousands arriving here weekly, who, as soon as they come ashore and find how things are, what the chances are for employment, and the chances for making money or a fortune in the mines, wish themselves back to their homes again. It is the current opinion here that there is to be a tremendous flood of emigration homeward this fall—that nearly all who are now in the mines and have enough to get home with are determined so to do. The new route across the Isthmus by the way of lake Nicaragua I think will be a favorite one. Dr. Mequier expects to start for home on the 10th of next month, (Sept.) and you may expect letters from me by him. I wish I were going too, not that I am homesick or discouraged or haven't money enough to get me home,—but this is a kind of a miserable, God-forsaken country, with a population bound up in the "almighty dollar" and withal a "plentiful lack" of conscience. The way one gets humbugged here is equalled only by the effect of California gold stories at home. The press of this country ought to bear a good portion of blame in that matter. It is continually propagating extravagant stories of good luck, more of them false than true, indulging at the same time in visionary speculations about the rich and inexhaustible mineral wealth of the country, while thousands upon thousands of hardy and industrious men with strong hands and willing hearts are toiling week after week and making hardly enough to pay their board, others returning discouraged, willing to engage in and do anything to pay their way or secure a passage home; and this same press is as mum about that as maggots fattening in a dead carcase.

If the emigration homeward this fall and winter don't create a re-action in this gold excitement, don't allow me to guess again.

I have heard a number of times from Bateman and Morse that I came in company with. They are building a dam and race on the North Fork of the American River; at the last accounts they were not far enough advanced to tell how well their claim would yield, or whether they would not entirely lose their summer's work. That particular mode of mining is very uncertain. I think that more than half the cases prove to be failures."

Fare on the Railroads.

The many excursions and pic-nics that have taken place during the summer, over the railroads, in many of which the fare has been reduced, prove that *low fares* increase travel, and like low postage increase profits. We have no doubt that the fare on all the roads in New Ehgland at least, may be essentially reduced, and a greater profit accrue to all parties. There is probably a limit below which it will not do to go; but if the price be put down to the safest minimum, it will inevitably increase the travel and by consequence the profits. There are many things in the *Philosophy of Railroads* that either the selfishness or the short-sightedness or something else, in those who manage them, are slow to comprehend and practice upon. One of the first is to *afford every facility and accommodation* to the public, consistent with prompt and safe execution of the designs of the road. The design and object of every road is to *earn a fair remunerating interest on the investment, by giving a safe and speedy transit to persons and freight at the lowest remunerating price.* Raising the price above what it need be to give this profit,—tyrannical and arbitrary rules and useless exactions are too often resorted to by these corporations. The winter season is coming, and we shall probably have a *spice* of them on the roads between here and Boston. As soon as the river is closed and the boats cease running, up will go the fare, an end put to *through* tickets and sundry other petty exactions, tending to show what would always be the case were there no counteracting powers. The Portland Transcript not long ago complained because of the requirement that a person who takes a through ticket, say from Waterville or Augusta, must go *through on the day he takes it.* Should sickness or business detain him on the way, he must purchase a new ticket at a proportionably advanced price. Now this course of action appears wrong. If it is worth so much to carry a man to Boston, what matters it, when they have been paid that sum, whether the man is one day or ten days in going! We, to be sure, have heard several reasons given, but they are all based upon principles more exacting in their natures than sound in policy. Be as liberal to the public as a just regard for fair and honest profits require, and in the end you will find it the best policy and the most profitable course.

MR. GREENE'S DURHAMS. We understand that our friend, R. H. Greene, Esq., of Winslow, has purchased of Lieut. Wainwright, his excellent Durham Bull Leo, and removed him to his farm at Winslow. Mr. Greene has been long engaged in breeding Durhams, and has been instrumental in sending some fine stock abroad. He has had much to contend with in this pursuit, but has persevered like a martyr, and we are glad to find his courage and his perseverance hold out so well.

THAT BARK. The beautiful bark built by Jones & Small, which we mentioned not long ago, as being nearly finished, was launched on Saturday morning last. She now lies at Smith's wharf, where she is to be rigged, and will soon be ready for sea.

TRIAL FOR MAL-PRACTICE. The case of Dr. Charles Coffin, of Rockland, indicted for manslaughter, by administering laudanum, when he intended lobelia, to Mrs. Mary Sleeper, in July last, came up for trial on Wednesday of last week before Judge Wells, of the S. J. Court, at Wiscasset. After hearing the testimony of the principal witnesses for the prosecution, the Judge advised the Attorney General, that the evidence offered was not sufficient to make out a case of the crime charged according to its legal definition. A "nolle prosequi" was accordingly entered by the Attorney General and the prisoner was discharged.

ACCIDENT. A man by the name of Farnum, belonging to Boothbay, met with a singular accident yesterday. He was crossing on the track of the railroad, between Fox's and Central wharves, when the engine approached, and the engineer hailed him to get out of the way. Instead of retracing his steps, he lowered himself down over the side of the track, having one hand resting on the base of the iron rail; as the engine passed, the portion of the wheel which projects over the rail cutting off three of his fingers he fell into the dock, and swam to his vessel, which was lying a few rods off, hardly aware of his misfortune till he climbed up her side. [Portland Adv., 9th.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE CAPITOL. The $100,000 voted by Congress to extend the National Capitol at Washington, will, it is said, be used in the erection of a Senate Chamber, leaving the House of Representatives for another appropriation. The Senate Committee on Public Buildings has offered $500 premium for the best plan, accompanied by estimates for the extension of the capitol.

THE FLOATING BELL. The New York Sun reports, that on inquiry at the Allaire works in New York, it finds that the identical bell described as picked up at sea, attached to a broken mast, by the bark Elizabeth, of Mattapoisett, is there registered in conformity with the description which has been given of it, and that it was furnished in 1836 to the steamer Rhode Island, the machinery of which was made at those works. The Rhode Island, it will be recollected, foundered at sea, last winter, on her passage from New York for California.

Gathered News Fragments, &c.

Death of Midshipman Wainwright. Passed Midshipman Thomas B. Wainwright, late acting master of the United States ship John Adams, brother of Lt. Wainwright of the Kennebec Arsenal, died on board that vessel, on the 14th of August, while off the coast of Africa. His disease was inflammation of the stomach. This young officer gave high promise in his profession, and acquired much reputation on the Mexican coast for brilliant feats of valor on several occasions, and was honorably noticed by the Department.

A Thousand Dollars Stolen. As Mr. George Perkins, of Saco, was coming down in the cars from Westford to Lowell, on Monday, the 7th inst., his pocket book, containing about one thousand dollars, was cut from his coat pocket by some experienced rogue. The operation was performed with great dexterity, and the money was not missed till after the arrival of the cars in Lowell. The bills were on the Maine banks, Portland, Saco, &c., one of them being a $50 bill.

Armed fugitives. The Buffalo Express says that a person in pursuit of fugitive slaves met a colored woman in the streets of that city and began to interrogate her concerning her claim to freedom. As his enquiries became pressing, she drew a revolver, which caused his retreat. The same paper says that most of the fugitive slaves in that city are armed.

Pears on the Mountain Ash. The Newburyport Herald states that Mr. John H. Page has gathered this season, from a Mountain Ash tree, in front of his residence, in that town, a peck of remarkably good looking pears, from scions which were set three years ago. It is a winter variety, and was gathered prematurely, to remove a strong temptation from the boys.

Bank Robbery in Quebec. The Vice President of the City Bank, Quebec, arrived in Boston on Saturday evening, in search of Robert Coles, Teller of the Bank, who disappeared on Sunday week from Quebec. Since his disappearance it has been ascertained that he is a defaulter to the amount of $30,000, and it is supposed he left for England in the last steamer.

Another death from a wrong medical prescription. A young lady of Philadelphia named Anna R. Nell, who was ill of bilious fever, died at one o'clock on Thursday last, in consequence of taking a large dose of morphine, which was sent by an apothecary's clerk in answer to a prescription for quinine. She lived only six hours after taking the medicine.

Proceeds of Jenny Lind's Concert. We learn that the nett proceeds of the charitable concert, given on Tuesday, the 8th inst., by M'lle Lind, amounted to $7,255 09, which sum was yesterday paid over to the benevolent lady, who will immediately determine in what manner it shall be distributed.

Jews in Russia. The Emperor of Russia has prohibited throughout his empire, and after January 1, 1851, the wearing of the costume peculiar to the Jews; but the governor-general may authorize Jews of an advanced age, not under 60, to wear their accustomed dress, if they are willing to pay for permission.

Shipping in New York. On the 26th there were in the harbor of New York a fleet of eighteen ocean steamships, one hundred and one ships, seventy-two barks, eighty-two brigs and one hundred and sixteen schooners—making a total of three hundred and ninety-five vessels, most of them either loading or unloading.

Free Colored Persons. The rigid laws against free colored persons, in Maryland and Virginia, have driven this class into the District of Columbia, until they number one third of the population. The late census returns show that there are at least 15,000 free colored people in the District.

Germans in Cincinnati. As an evidence of the extent of the German population of Cincinnati, it is stated that 40,000 letters are received annually at the Post Office in that city, from Germany, and the amount of postage collected on them is $14,000.

Bowdoin College. The Inauguration of Dr. C. E. Stowe, recently Professor in Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, and now Collins Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion in Bowdoin College was to take place on Wednesday the 16th inst.

Large Steamer. A monster steamer, four hundred feet in length, has been contracted for at Cincinnati, to run as a regular ten day packet between Louisville and New Orleans. She will cost $420,000, and will be the most splendid craft afloat at the West.

Melancholy Accident. The Bangor Whig learns that on Friday, a wagon passing along the road in Orono, run over a little child, twenty months old, of Col. Thomas Whitney, keeper of the hotel in that village, causing the instant death of the child.

The Barque Stamboul arrived at Gibraltar, on the 17th of September, having on board the Rev. H. G. O. Dwight and family, missionaries of the American Board. All well. The S. sailed from Boston on the 4th of August last, and has, accordingly, made a very fair passage.

The Teachers' Institute for Somerset County will be held at Canaan Village, on Tuesday, Oct. 22, and continue two weeks. It will be under the charge of Prof. D. G. Eaton, of Albany, N. Y., assisted by Mr. J. G. Eveleth.

Storebreaking at Portland. The stores of Conly & Blanchard, Gideon Foster, and Bell & Elder, at Portland, were entered on Friday night, and robbed of goods. Mr. Foster lost $200, and Bell and Elder $100.

Ice Island. A large island of ice was passed Sept. 19th, latitude 46½, longitude 46 15, by ship Moro, at New York from Liverpool. It was visible from the ship's deck at the distance of fourteen miles.

Our friends are referred to Jewett & Prescott's, No. 2 Milk Street, Boston, where will be found an assortment of Shawls, Silks and Cloak Goods, fully characteristic of the establishment in point of quality, styles and low prices.

Accident. A horse was killed and a wagon smashed to pieces on the Kennebec Railroad, and Mrs. Chase, who was in the wagon, was thrown out, without the slightest injury.

Ecclesiastical. We understand that the First Congregational Church and Society in Albany, N. Y., have unanimously invited the Rev. Ray Palmer, of Bath, to become their Pastor.

Census. Returns from Rhode Island, mostly complete, excepting Providence, give a total population of 95,083 against 75,824 in 1840; increase about 25 per cent.

Nominations. The Liberty party of N. Y. State have nominated Gerritt Smith for President, and Rev. Samuel R. Ward, a colored man, for Vice President.

Samuel Walker, Esq., of Roxbury, was elected President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, for the ensuing year.

Gen. Cass delivered an address before the Agricultural Society, in Detroit, Oct. 10.

California Newspapers. There are eleven newspapers now published in California.

Thanksgiving Day has been appointed in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, for Nov. 28.

From Texas.

The steamship Portland, Captain Bodner, arrived this morning from Port Lavaca and Galveston.

The San Antonio Ledger estimates the citizens of that place will lose about ten or twelve thousand dollars by the fraudulent drafts drawn by French, and persons on the route from San Lavaca to San Antonio a larger amount.

The Controller of Texas submitted a complete statement of the public debt of Texas to the Legislature at its recent session, from which it appears that the whole amount, as adjusted in accordance with existing laws, allowing for all which has not been handed in for funding, does not exceed seven millions of dollars.

We learn from the Nueces Valley, that the Indians have all disappeared from that section. The troops under the command of Col. Hardee have scoured the country in all directions between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, and have probably pursued the savages so closely, that they concluded to decamp. The prairies west of the Nueces have all been fired, and it is supposed that the Indians fired them to obliterate their trails, and thus prevent the soldiers from pursuing them to their mountain homes.

FROM SANTA FE. Accounts from Santa Fe to August 1st, received at Cincinnati, state that the gold mines which were discovered in Chihuahua, are not profitable. Previous reports have been greatly exaggerated. The army train, from independence, reached Santa Fe in 20 days. The news generally is of little interest. Indian disturbances occasionally occur. Business prospects are good. Most traders have nearly sold out their stocks. The troops from Independence are getting along with much difficulty. Grass and water were abundant on the plains; but scarce near Santa Fe.

Hall's train met at the Crossings, Brown's government train near the settlement. Several trains coming in will be at Independence in a few days.

Jenny Lind's last Concert.

The Bee says that one of the largest audiences that ever assembled under one roof was witnessed Saturday evening in the Fitchburg Railroad Hall, Boston, to hear Jenny Lind sing her farewell song. Tickets were sold to several hundred more persons than could gain admittance to the Hall. Before the time announced, the promenaders were admitted. Holders of seat tickets could not then gain admittance; the promenaders made a grand stampede for all unoccupied seats. At eight o'clock the hall was so densely packed with human beings that the inner glass windows along the corridor of the hall were entirely smashed out, in order to keep the multitude from suffocating. The truth is, there was the narrowest possible escape from a riot. Settees were crushed, and the large quantity of glass smashed greatly alarmed the audience, and caused the suspicion that the iron rods which supported the floor had snapped, and that the whole mass would be precipitated on the railroad track beneath. Women shrieked and fainted, and the apprehension prevailed for some time after the orchestra struck up the overture, that the concert would end in a catastrophe.

The troubled waters were at last quelled by the power of music. It was not the music of the orchestra, however, nor Belletti's splendid voice, that did the work, nor Loder's attempt at speech-making, but it was only the "clear towering angelic notes" of Jenny Lind that calmed the storm. In the language of another, "the savages were tamed and the frightened were reassured. All went off even more delightfully than if there had been no tumult and trouble to triumph over. To our ear Jenny never sang better. Her voice neither trembled nor faltered."

As soon as it was discovered that there was a large number outside of the hall, with tickets, who could not gain admittance, Mr. Barnum ordered that every ticket be redeemed, whereupon about two hundred dollars' worth of tickets were taken back. The excitement was very great, the crowd was very angry, and Mr. Barnum would undoubtedly have been hurt had he been found by them.

APPROPRIATION OF THE PROCEEDS OF THE CHARITY CONCERT. We publish below a list of the institutions among which the money realized at the Charity Concert, on Thursday evening, has been distributed. Edward Everett and Benjamin Seaver, are the only two gentlemen who advised the noble hearted daughter of Sweden, in the selection of the institutions that should become her agents in distributing her gifts to the poor of our city. Considering the number of societies in Boston, and the difficulty of deciding between the necessities of each and their respective claims upon the public, the distribution is a very judicious one.

It was Miss Lind's opinion that the fund would do more good, if not very greatly subdivided. The following are names of the Societies:—

Boston Port Society,	$1000
Association for Aged and Indigent Females,	1000
Musical Fund Society,	1000
Boston Children's Friend Society,	500
Farm School for Indigent Boys,	500
Charitable Orthopedic Association,	500
Boston Female Asylum,	500
Howard Benevolent Society,	500
Young Men's Benevolent Society,	500
Society for the Prevention of Pauperism,	500
Parent Washington Total Abstinence Soc'y,	300
Miscellaneous Objects of Charity,	425

The four hundred and twenty-five dollars, "miscellaneous," was distributed as follows:—To Messrs. Charles & J. M. Spear, to be appropriated to the reformation of the Prisoner, $225, to a poor Swedish woman, the mother of nine children, $100, to a poor woman of Boston, $100.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION—*Paducah, Oct. 7.* Steamboat Kate Flemming, from Louisville for Cairo, burst both her boilers on Saturday noon, and afterwards burned to the water's edge. The accident occurred near Walker's Bar, where she grounded, but got off. The bell rang to slacken speed, and instantly after the explosion took place. Ten persons were reported to have been killed or missing. Seven or eight wounded, amongst them, the Captain dangerously, and nineteen are reported as badly burned. Capt. Duncan and others were on the hurricane deck at the time and were blown several feet in the air; some fell on the wreck and others into the water, the latter saved themselves by swimming. The safe containing a large amount of money, belonging to the boat and the deposits of passengers was lost.

AN INSANE MAYOR. A despatch from Pittsburg dated 3d, says:

"It is thought that the Mayor of this city has become insane. On Tuesday night he ordered a portion of the city Councillors to be arrested and sent to jail. They were immediately discharged by the Judge on Writ of Habeas Corpus. Next day, Barker threatened to hang the Judge. The Councillors were again committed to jail, and again discharged on Writ of Habeas Corpus. Last night the Council met and took the regulation of the City Night Watch from the Mayor's hands. Barker threatened to imprison them all, and all the judges. Great excitement prevails in the city."

Mr. Barker, it will be recollected, was elected under somewhat singular circumstances. He was a street preacher on temperance, and gave offence to the powers that be, who imprisoned him for some violation of a city ordinance. His case excited the sympathy of the inhabitants, and they elected him Mayor while he was in prison. He has acquired considerable celebrity by the manner in which he has discharged the duties of his station. [Boston Journal.

VERMONT. The Legislature of Vermont assembled at Montpelier on the 10th. In the Senate a committee was chosen to count the votes for Governor, &c. The House of Representatives failed to elect a speaker, after 14 ballots. Thomas E. Powers had the Whig vote, which run from 95 to 105. Mr. Mattocks was the candidate of the Free Soil Party. The vote for Mr. Powers, on the last balloting, was 101, the whole number being 216. The vote in opposition to Mr. Powers was divided between some dozen candidates besides Mr. Mattocks. [Traveller.

SILVER FLAGON TO THE HAYNAU MOB. We see it stated on good authority, that a superb silver flagon is to be presented by the Mechanics and Brewers of this city, to the workmen of Messrs. Barclay & Perkins' Brewery in London, in commemoration, as our authority says, "of their conduct in chastising the Butcher Haynau." The flagon is to be of large size embossed with a view of the chastisement on one side and with a suitable inscription on the other. [N. Y. Express.

Is your Life Insured?

About a year ago our attention was attracted to the principles on which the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company had been established, and the rates of premium which it had adopted for the basis of its operations. Having confidence in the integrity and responsibility of its managers, and believing that no wiser or more profitable investment of a few dollars could be made than in a good Mutual Life Insurance Company, we procured a Life Policy in this company of $1500, for which we pay an annual premium of $48.

This week the Agent through whom we made our application, (J. H. Williams, Esq.,) has called and given us a Scrip Certificate of our share, as a life member, in the profits of the company for the year ending July 1, 1850, being a dividend of *seventy-five per cent.* on the amount of *premium* paid by us; thus in fact reducing the actual cost of our policy, for the first year of its duration, to something *less than one per cent.* on the *amount insured.* This handsome result of a single year's business of this company, may not be realized every year, as it has been during the period named, very fortunate in the small number of its fatal risks. But it serves to illustrate one of the advantages of *mutual* life insurance companies, not to be lost sight of by the public, which is that the profits of their business, however large, are returned to the source from which they are derived instead of going into other channels, as is the case with *stock* companies. It also proves that it is no sound objection to a life insurance company that its rates of premium are not, (by the pressure of competition in the business,) reduced below those of all other companies, and even below the generally admitted standard of prudence and safety. This point of safety, after all, is what should chiefly interest the holder of a life policy, and the rates of premium which time and experience have shown to be necessary for the sure and prompt payment of its losses, should not be departed from by any company. It is always better to err on the side of safety, and especially in a *mutual* company where all accruing surpluses are annually divided among its members.

We do not suppose that we are endowed above other men with sensibility to domestic ties, or to the claims of offspring upon parents to provide against the calamitous effects which so often flow from their sudden, unlooked for, and untimely death; and therefore we need do no more than suggest that if they are not troubled already with too much of this world's gear, they cannot do a better thing, in so cheap a way, for the benefit of family and other friends who have claims on their affections, than to take out a life policy in a substantial, well conducted, mutual life insurance company.

But leaving out of view all accidental or unlooked for deaths, few people are aware how many estates in the progress of settlement in the Probate Office are represented *insolvent*, often to the surprise of creditors, and almost always to the bitter disappointment of expectant heirs. Now, in a life policy, such as ours, the latter will always find a sure and fixed resource for their comfort and support, limited only by the tenor of its stipulations; not dependant on judicial discretion, however liberal in its "allowances," nor subject to attachment or diminution at the instance of creditors of the estate, nor liable to be impaired even by the debts of either widow or children, for whose sole and exclusive benefit it must always be applied, and in a manner of which they alone are to be the judges.

We are glad to learn of the prosperity of the company to which we have referred, which is evident from the fact that it has issued over 2,000 polices since October 1, 1849. [Age.

Ship-building in Maine.

A friend, who is a judge in the matters of which

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC.

The Atlantic arrived at New York Oct. 9th. She experienced boisterous weather and damaged her bulwarks. The following extracts are from Telegraphic dispatches to Boston papers.

ENGLAND. Accounts of the state of trade in the provinces during the past week, show rather less business, in consequence of higher prices being demanded. At Manchester the market has been influenced by the serious accounts of the American cotton crop; but a sudden advance which took place has not been fully maintained.

A letter has been received at Aberdeen, from the mate of the English whale ship Alexander, of Dundee, stating that the two American vessels in search of Sir John Franklin, the Advance and Rescue, were west of Devil's Thumb, Greenland. They had advanced five hundred miles since last heard from. The letter is dated July 25th, in the neighborhood of Melville Bay.

The cholera is still ravaging Algiers, but is on the decrease. The number of deaths on the day the steamer left was eleven.

A screw steamer is about to proceed to California from the Clyde.

FRANCE. The French Government, it is said, has addressed through Gen. Lahitte, official remonstances to Lord Palmerston, on the subject of the French refugees in London.

The potato crops of France are suffering severely from the prevalent rot.

Another shock of an earthquake was felt at Algiers on the night of the 10th, being the sixth which has occurred within 16 days.

SPAIN. The war steamers Castella and Vulcans sailed from Barcelona on the 15th with troops for Cuba.

Accounts received at Lisbon mention that in anticipation of some revolutionary movement the troops had been kept for three nights at their quarters. Some changes in the Cabinet were anticipated.

Disastrous inundations have destroyed all the crops in the province of Brescia; subscriptions were open at Milan, the aggregate amount of which, about 50,000 francs, was sent to the relief of the unfortunate inhabitants.

ITALY. General Haynau has arrived at Vienna. He says that he is more astonished than indignant that 200 or 300 Englishmen should have assaulted him.

We learn from Rome that the two original decrees published by Cardinal Antonelli have not been favorably received. In consequence of those decrees, the paper money has fallen three per cent.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY. The "Suabian Mercury" publishes the outlines of the new Constitution of the Germanic Confederation of the Council of States which has been assembled at Frankfort. This Constitution is a combination of all projects which formerly have been started to meet the difficulties of the question. The Austrian monarchy, with its crown lands and dependencies, is to form part of the confederation.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHIES. It is said that Austria has determined to interfere against the Duchies. The Austrian Minister says that if the two Duchies are indivisible, it would be better to detach Holstein from Germany, than to detach Schleswig from Denmark.

DENMARK. The Danish operations by sea have been continued among the Islands of the west coast of Schleswig. They have taken possession of all the larger Islands on the coast. The three Holstein gun-boats, the whole of their naval force on the west, could make no effectual resistance, and after a short action, in which four men were killed and seven wounded, made the best of their way to the Rider, to be in perfect safety.

The Austrian Government has written an angry note to Lord Palmerston, demanding the expulsion of several German refugees, of democratic principles, who are said to be conspiring against Austria.

The Austrian papers are outrageous at the recent attack upon Haynau.

Three Days Later.

The Steamer Europa, arrived at New York, Oct. 11, bringing dates to Sept. 28.

DENMARK. A Telegraphic despatch from Coxhaven, of Sept. 25th, says that on the 23d the Danes proceeded to blockade the river Eyder, and that they expelled therefrom 40 vessels of various nations.

ROME. Cardinal Carlan died at Rome on the 15th.

HESSE CASSEL. Affairs in Hesse Cassel are tranquil. The Permanent Committee of the States have protested against the removal of the seat of Government. It is thought the ministers of the Elector who proposed it, will be impeached, and that Prussia and Austria will not interfere.

SARDINIA. The Priests in Sardinia have been endeavoring to excite the peasantry to insurrection, and some collisions attended with bloodshed, had taken place. Troops have been sent from Genoa.

FRANCE. The Press law having come into operation, all the leading articles in the journals bear signatures. The President started for Versailles on Tuesday. The *Debats* is out in support of the reformed electoral law, and advocates Conservative measures.

NAPLES. A letter from Naples announces an insurrection in the two Calabrias. The Government is greatly alarmed, and has ordered a frigate to proceed to Sotroma, a port of Ultra Calabria, and bombard the city. At Nicastro, the insurgents had a skirmish with the garrison of the town, in which the latter were defeated, and many persons shot. The insurrection at latest accounts was spreading.

DISTRESSING WRECK OF BRIG GEO. LOCKWOODS. Capt. Chadwick, of bark Solway, arrived at Quebec, reports that on the 13th September, in lat. 45 49, lon. 40 7, he fell in with the above named brig, dismasted, with a single man on board of her; on boarding her, he found that George Jarvis, the second mate, was the sole survivor of the crew. On the 8th, the brig, while lying to, had been struck by a heavy sea, which carried away masts, bowsprit, bulwarks, boat, &c., and also the captain and all the crew but three. On the 9th, one of the survivors was washed overboard. The two remaining men lashed themselves to the wreck, where they remained without food or water until the 13th, when one of them, George Mokman, sunk under fatigue and want of food. Two hours afterwards, the Solway came up, and relieved the sole survivor so much reduced that he would have sustained himself but a short time longer. He was carried on board the Solway, and after careful attention he revived, and was able to give an account of the disaster. [Daily Advertiser.

THE CORONATION OF THE BLACK EMPEROR SOULOUQUE. Accounts from Hayti to the 16th ult. by the Frederick and Eben Atkins, at Boston, represent that the Emperor Soulouque, so far from having been assassinated by his Prime Minister, was actively engaged in preparations for his coronation, which was soon to take place with great pomp and ceremony.

A large amount of rich furniture from France, for the furnishing of the palace, had lately been landed. No official order to stop the cutting of mahogany had yet appeared, and the report to that effect is doubted. Political matters remained perfectly tranquil.

COAL AND IRON. The Edinburg Review sets down the number of persons employed in mining, in Great Britain, at 193,000; and the annual tonnage, 37½ millions. It says that the supply of coal must be exhausted in a period not very remote. It gives 12,000 square miles as the whole area left for future workings.

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW AT DETROIT. A telegraphic despatch from Detroit, dated the 8th, says: "A negro has been arrested to-day, under the new fugitive law, which created great excitement. Hundreds of negroes are armed, threatening the rescue of the prisoner. An examination will be held to-morrow. The slave was conducted to the jail, guarded by three companies of soldiers; but although a great number of negroes and others had assembled, no rescue was attempted. A number of brick-bats were thrown at the Marshal's carriage. The slave was committed for a week for further evidence."

Fatal Balloon Ascension.

The Bordeaux journals announce the death of Lieut. Gale, the æronaut. It appears that on Sunday the 8th ult. he made an ascent with the Royal Cremorne balloon, on the back of a pony, from the Hippodrome of Vincennes, at Bordeaux. It was the first time that Mr. Gale had ever made such an ascension, and his pony had only a few days before been broken in. At first the little animal displayed great repugnance at being lifted from his feet, but he gradually got accustomed to it, and on Sunday allowed himself to be carried off by the balloon with the greatest composure. As there was some delay in filling the balloon with gas, the pony, gaily saddled and bridled, was paraded round the Hippodrome, and was regarded with extraordinary curiosity by the spectators. An immense multitude assembled to witness the ascent. The local journals say that the town was completely deserted, and that the adjacent villages sent their contingents. When Mr. Gale was seen to ascend rapidly into the air, seated on his pony with the bridle in one hand and saluting the public with the other, there was a sort of shudder of fear in the vast gathering; the pony was perfectly calm, with his legs hanging and his neck bent, but he made no movement. The descent of Mr. Gale which took place a short distance from Bordeaux, proved fatal to him. When the horse had been released from its slings, the peasants who held the ropes of the balloon, misunderstood the directions given by the æronaut, and the balloon having still sufficient gas in it to give an ascensional force, after losing the weight of the horse, rose suddenly, and the anchor, which held by a tree, being loosened by the sudden motion, the shock upset the car. Mr. Gale, however, clung to the ropes, and was unfortunately able to pull the string of the valve to cause a further escape of gas. The ascent of the balloon was then checked, and it was thought, in consequence, at Bordeaux, that he had succeeded in climbing up into the car. This, however, was not the case, as the next day the balloon was discovered lying on the ground, some miles from the spot where the pony was liberated; and, on further search being made the dead body of Lieut. Gale was found in a wood, with the limbs all broken. He has left a wife and eight children.

CALIFORNIA ITEMS. Mr. Thomas Biddle, of Detroit, Michigan, son of Major John Biddle, formerly of the U. S. A., dropped down dead in the street at Sacramento City on the 28th of August.

James C. Losee, formerly of New York, was drowned in the bay of San Francisco on the 25th of August. In company with two other gentlemen he was returning from a gunning excursion in a boat, which upset. After clinging to the boat for twelve hours, he handed his watch to one of his companions, released his hold saying that he could keep it no longer, and was washed away by a receding wave. The others were saved in an exhausted state.

THE OVERLAND IMMIGRANTS. A letter from Mr. Johnson, who took charge of the company which started from Sacramento with supplies for the overland immigrants, is published, dated Carson's River, August 9. He arrived there on the 5th, in advance of his train, and found much destitution among the immigrants. He bought up all the flour that he could procure, and dividing it into rations of five pounds, distributed it as occasion required.

The San Francisco Herald says:—"There are now on the overland route not less than sixty thousand persons. The first of those who have arrived endured privations and sufferings innumerable, and it is but natural to expect that those who come later in the season will suffer more still. The forty miles of desert which stretch from the base of the Sierra Nevada, are strewn with the bodies of dead cattle, while several persons have been found drowned, some by accident in crossing the rivers, and more lamentable still, some by their own act, having been driven to utter despair by their misfortunes."

OPENING OF THE OGDENSBURG RAILROAD. Thursday last was a proud day for our village and for Northern New York. It witnessed the gratification of the long cherished desire of our people. At last, after years of toil, of "hope long deferred,"—of disappointment, of repulse, of mortification—of insult and endurance, the triumph is achieved, and the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain are bound together by a chain of iron. We can scarcely realize that we are within five hours of Lake Champlain, in reaching which we have often consumed two days, but such is the fact, and henceforward the march of the valley of the St. Lawrence and of our own village is onward. * * * *

Thus was celebrated an event which marks an epoch in the history of Northern New York.

The road is now completed—not by the aid of public patronage—not by the riches and liberality of the capitalists of our own metropolis—nor yet by the money of our own citizens, who, though they have contributed even beyond their means, had not the pecuniary ability to construct a work of so great magnitude. We are deeply indebted to the energy and liberality of the citizens of Boston and New England. [Ogdensburg Sentinel.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. President Sparks has written a letter in regard to the imputations which have been long current against Benjamin Franklin, of having been subservient to French interests in his negotiations during our struggle for independence. He says he has read all the correspondence relating to this subject, in the British and French offices, and that he does not hesitate to declare that the rumors in question are without a shadow of foundation. Such an idea, he says, "is not sustained by a single paragraph or fact in all this voluminous mass of papers, although he often appears as a prominent actor in our complicated foreign relations. On the contrary, he is every where presented in the character of a true and steady patriot, wise and consistent, sagacious and firm, bold and persevering, and not a whit behind the most ardent of his compatriots in asserting his country's liberties and maintaining her rights."

BOUNTY LAND BILL. The instructions for obtaining warrants under the Bounty Land Law have been issued from the office of the Secretary of the Interior. These instructions provide that in every application for the benefit of the act, a declaration must be made by the party applying, which must be sworn to before an officer authorized to take oaths, whose official character must be attested by a certificate appended to the declaration.

This declaration must state that the applicant is the identical person who was in a certain company and regiment, giving the name of the commanding officers, and describing what war he served in, and how long he served. In case of widows, the declaration must be accompanied with proof of the marriage and death of the husband; and in that of minor children, of the death of both parents, and the appointment of the guardian who makes application in their behalf.

The Department has declared that no assignments made prior to the location will be recognized; they consider that it was the intention of Congress that the claim of the soldier should continue free from every incumbrance until after the issue of the patent.

INCENDIARIES. A daring attempt at incendiarism was detected at Hampden on Tuesday night, Oct. 1. An old house at the lower village which had been unoccupied for a week, was suspected by the neighbors to be on fire from the smell, and broken into. It was found that rugs had been fastened against the windows of one of the rooms and a fire built in the cupboard. Being too much confined, it did not burn freely, and was thus fortunately discovered in time to save that and the adjacent buildings, all of which would have been swept away. [Bangor Mercury.

TO BAKE APPLES. Take sour apples, those of a keen acid, and to every square tin filled with them, pour over a tea-cup full of water and one tea-cup full of sugar. Bake them slowly till done. Eat them with cream and the juice which cooks from them. No body knows much of baking apples who has not eaten them in this way. No quince, peach, pear or plum preserves are equal to this simple dessert.

MARYLAND ELECTION. From the returns, mostly official, of the recent gubernatorial election in Maryland, it appears that Lowe, the Democratic candidate, has a majority in the whole state of 1,525 over Clarke, the Whig candidate. This is a gain of nearly a thousand over the majority of Thomas (Dem.) in 1847.

DISCOVERIES IN THE COPPER DIGGINGS. We were shown last week, by Charles Whitlesey, Esq., of the Ontonagan Mine, a copper arrow-head and a piece of human skull, and other bones, which have lately been found in the Ancient Indian diggings on the Ontonagan River. The native copper arrow-head is now about two inches in length, and seems to have had originally a socket, though but part of it remains. Several chisels, or instruments resembling chisels, having sockets like the common carpenter's chisel and small gads or wedges, have also been found at the Minnesota Mine.

But the greatest curiosity we have seen in the way of these articles, is the stick of oak timber lately taken out of one of the ancient "pits" shafts of the Minnesota Mine, twenty-seven feet below the surface. It is a small tree, about ten feet in length, and eight or ten inches in diameter, having short limbs two feet apart and at nearly right angles with one another, and on this account and from its standing nearly upright it is supposed to have been used as a ladder by the ancient miners. In this shaft and around and over this stick were rocks and earth; and large trees were growing over it, and many centuries must have elapsed since that ancient ladder was placed there. [Lake Superior Journal.

FOOLISH EXTRAVAGANCE. When Genin gave $225 for a ticket to Jenny Lind's concert, every body laughed at the thing as an excellent joke, but at the same time admired the shrewdness of the hatter in taking the world so by surprise. What was good business tact in Genin, has become simply a ridiculous display of extravagance in his imitators, and we see in every city and town in which Jenny Lind sings, some one disposed to excel all former competitors for this spurious kind of fame, by giving a still higher price for a choice of seats. An individual in Providence has just given the enormous sum of $650 for a ticket, and we suppose the next town in which she sings some one will be fool enough to court notoriety by giving $700, until the price will go up from hundreds to thousands, and by the time that Jenny gets to the end of her journeyings through the United States, the price of a first choice of seats will amount to a moderate fortune. Money must be more plentiful than brains, where so pitiable an ambition prevails.

It is neither the love for art nor the appreciation of virtue which induces such outlay, for there exists thousands of opportunities in the world where merit in the one may be fostered to high excellence, and the exercise of the other be properly rewarded at less individual cost. If men were as ambitious to excel each other in honor, justice and charity, human nature would be much more exalted in character.

[Philadelphia Ledger.

A LOST CHILD FOUND. Some five years since a poor woman of the name of Moore, sent her child, then almost eight years of age, to the grocery, since which time all attempts to find her whereabouts have prove abortive. A few years since, the now grown up girl was recognized by one of her old playmates, in a grocery store upon an errand from the family in which she resided as a domestic. Her playmate asked her why she did not go home to her parents? She burst into tears and replied that she did not know where to find them—that they were dead, &c. The young friend watched her to her place of residence, in Eighth st., and urged her to go home. The mother being apprized of the circumstance, immediately sought out her child, who gives the following history of her case. When she first approached the grocery, she was accosted by a man, who enticed her to go with him in a wagon. She lived with his family (they had no children) near Tarrytown, upwards of two years, when they packed up their goods, &c., and stated that they were going to live out west. She did not wish to go, and fled to a neighboring farmer's house, where she found protection and a home. She remained upwards of two years with this family, when she came to the city, and was living as a domestic when discovered as described. The mother and father could not recognize the child, but the child at once recognized them. Their happiness was complete. [N. Y. Tribune.

GREAT OX TEAM—ORANGE CO. (VT.) FAIR. One of the most imposing features of this fair, was the "Ox Team," from the town of Corinth. It consisted of one hundred and two yoke of oxen, with a very fine bull as leader, and one driver to each yoke, we believe. This team was headed by a large car placed upon heavy wheels, filled with all kinds of agricultural products, tastefully arranged, with a fine band of music, and in the centre, a high pole, with a splendid flag of the Union, waving at its top. The car attracted great attention, and was loudly cheered as it moved.

There was another ox team, not quite as large, from Thetford, we believe, which numbered eighty yoke, their horns being decorated with small red banners. There was still another team "of the same sort," from West Fairlee, numbering some forty yoke. [Danville (VT.) N. Star.

PULPIT PATRIOTISM. Mr. Buckingham, in his Reminiscences, narrates the following incident of old Dr. Bentley, of Salem:

As an instance of his patriotism, it is related that when the Constitution frigate was driven into Marblehead by three British ships, and fears were entertained that she might be captured, he was performing his ordinary service in the pulpit. Some one informed him of the circumstance, and he instantly stopped the services, announced the intelligence to the congregation, and remarking that they could worship God at all times, but could save the Constitution only by immediate action, he left the pulpit, hurried to the fort at Marblehead, reported himself to the commander, and requested to be placed where he could be of service. He was ordered to stand by one of the guns. The danger was soon over, and returning to Salem in time for the afternoon service, he delivered an extempore sermon on patriotism, from the text,—"There go the ships."

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS. One hundred and fifty years ago, there was not a single daily newspaper in England; and it is not two hundred years since the first idea of a regular newspaper was conceived in that island to rouse the people to resist the Spanish Armada. Now in the United Kingdom, there are 547 newspapers. In the year ending January 5, 1849, 90,928,408 newspaper stamps were issued in the kingdom, of which, 76,180,832 were in England alone. After full and careful examination, it is estimated that the aggregate yearly issue of newspapers, magazines, and reviews from the city of New York alone, in the year 1849, was 72,710,257, of which between nine and ten millions were periodicals.

[Family Christian Almanac.

"POOR FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL," said Mrs. Partington, as her eyes ran over the morning papers, and her quivering lip betrayed the agitation of her mind—"Poor Fugitive Slave Bill! I hope for my soul they won't catch him—I hope they won't. And here they are threatening us with punishment if we help him any. Good heavens! what do they think we are made of? are we flesh and blood and bones and in'ards, or are we stocks and stones, with no more feeling than cotton bags?—not help 'em, indeed! and will heaven help us if we don't? If I should see a poor creatur with his wife and children and his property on his back, going to Canada or any other free country, wouldn't I help him in spite of all they could do to stop me! To be sure I would, even if General Government and all the slave ketchers was to say I shouldn't. A person that won't make a sacrament of himself for his principles is worse than a Turk. I would take poor Paul's sword there, that he used to carry in the tilery, and I'd defend my castle aginst 'em all." Overawed, the people stood back. Her spectacles blazed with an ardor that made the old sword on the wall and the brightly scoured tin on the shelves seem to flash back with supernal splendor, and philanthropy, like a lightning beam, irradiated the old kitchen.

[Boston Pathfinder.

THE LUMBER TRADE DOWN EAST. The Calais Advertiser says:—"The lumber business was never in a more flourishing condition than it is at present. It goes off quick at good prices, and no grumbling. Many of our largest dealers have received orders some two or three weeks ahead of their ability to fill them, notwithstanding they keep their mills snapping night and day. The way they cut lumber is a sin, since the gang saws came into use. In a few years spruce will be as scarce as pine now is.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT,

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$ 25 @ 7 25	Round Hogs,	6 50 @ 7 00
Beans,	1 30 @ 1 50	Clear Salt Pork,	8 @ 10
Corn,	75 @ 80	Dried Apples,	5 @ 6
Oats,	35 @ 35	Cooking do.	30 @ 30
Wheat,	1 00 @ 1 50	Winter do.	50 @ 75
Rye,	67 @ 73	Potatoes, new,	45 @ 50
Butter,	12 @ 15	Clover Seed,	12 @ 14
Lard,	9 @ 10	Flax Seed,	1 00 @ 1 00
Cheese,	6 @ 8	H. Grass,	2 75 @ 3 00
Mutton,	3 @ 4	Red Top,	75 @ 00
Chickens,	7 @ 9	Hay, loose,	6 00 @ 7 00
Geese,	5 @ 6	Lime,	80 @ 85
Eggs,	13 @ 15	Fleece Wool	28 @ 35
Corn Meal,	75 @ 80	Pulled do.	28 @ 33
Rye Meal,	70 @ 80	Lambskins,	30 @ 63

BRIGHTON MARKET, Oct. 10.

At Market, 1300 Beef Cattle, 24 pairs Working Oxen, 97 Cows and Calves, 5800 Sheep, and 750 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—We quote extra, $6 25; first quality, $6 75 @ $6 00; second quality, $5 25 @ $5 50; third quality, $4 50 @ $5 00.

WORKING OXEN.—$65, $80, $90 and $100.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sales from $19 to $33.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sales from $1 50 to $3 00. Extra lots, $4 00 @ $5 00.

SWINE.—Lots to peddle, 4¼ for Sows, and 5¼ for Barrows. At retail, from 4¾ to 6c.

BOSTON MARKET, Oct. 14.

FLOUR.—Sales of Genesee, common brands, $5 25 @ $5 50; fancy brands, $6 37; @ $6 75; Ohio and Michigan, $4 87½ @ $5 00; St. Louis, $4 87½ @ $5 00.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat Corn, 67 @ 68c; white, 65 @ 66c. Northern Oats, 46 @ 50; Eastern, 48 @ 49c; Delaware, 47 @ 48c. Rye, 70c per bushel, cash.

HAY.—Country Hay, per 100 lbs., 65 @ 70c. Screwed Hay, per cargo per ton, $12 00 @ $13 00; at retail, per hundred, 75 @ 85c.

Jerusalem R. A. C.

Annual Communication for choice of officers and for business of importance, on Thursday, the 17th inst., at two o'clock P. M. A general and punctual attendance of the members is required. Per order of the M. E. H. P.

Augusta, Oct. 1, A. L. 5850.

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

In this city, October 12, by Rev. W. Bailey, Mr. AMOS C. PERRY to Miss MARY J. LINSCOTT.

In Sidney, October 14th, by Rev. Calvin Gardner, of Waterville, Mr. JOHN C. BAKER to Miss MARGARET W. ROBINSON. [That cake was excellent—and in payment for the delicious repast, the P. D. wishes to return his thanks to the happy couple, and hopes that John and Margaret may live to see many *little* ones spring up around them, and that they and their children and their children's children may be bountifully supplied with the good things of this life.]

In Hallowell, Mr. JAMES BACHELDER of West Gardiner, to Miss ABBY JANE ROBINSON; Mr. GEORGE W. DOE to Miss ELIZABETH A. CASTON; Mr. GEO. WADSWORTH to Miss MARY L. PACKARD of Livermore; Mr. JOHN S. HILL of Pittston, to Miss FRANCES A. LOTHROP; Mr. GEORGE H. CUMMINGS to Miss ELIZABETH E. LYON. Mr. NATHAN N. BUTLER to Mrs. ELIZA POLLARD; Mr. LEONARD DEARBORN to Miss EMILY SMITH; Mr. FRANKLIN D. BRANN to Miss ELIZABETH CUMMINGS.

In Union, Mr. JOHN HALE YEATON of Chelsea, to Miss CYNTHIA D. HOWES of Washington.

In Vienna, Mr. ORRIN SOPER of Freeman, to Mrs. LOUISA T. VEAZIE.

In Waterville, Mr. WM. C. JENNIE of Calais, to Miss CATHARINE F. SMITH; Mr. JOHN S. CHASE to Miss HENRIETTA LYON of New York; Mr. JOHN CHICK to Miss SARAH S. WARD.

In Sidney, Mr. DAVID SAWYER of Waterville, to Miss MARTHA ANN BOWMAN.

In Boston, Mr. J. R. ELDEN of Waterville, to Miss JANE CHASE of Fryeburg.

In Boston, Mr. CYRUS M. PLUMMER of Bath, to Miss JANE BRADLEY of Brattleboro', Vt.

In Vassalboro', Mr. ALEXANDER HALL to Miss MARY COX.

In Norridgewock, HORATIO G. WHEELER, Esq., of Evansville, Ind., to Miss HARRIET M. CLARK.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the antrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this city, October 6th, HENRY E. HALL, son of Capt. James B. Hall, aged 10 mos.

In this city, Oct 13, GEO. W. MORTON, son of Wm. H. Morton, aged 14 mos.

In Mt. Vernon, Oct. 9, RACHEL LADD, widow of Jones Ladd, aged 84.

On passage from Panama to San Francisco, July 7th, JAMES JENNESS, aged 33; July 10th, WARREN DAGGETT, aged 39; August 3d, HARRISON G. O. CLARK, aged 36, all of Winthrop.

In Belgrade, October 5th, ISAAC LEIGHTON, son of Benj. Leighton, aged 15.

In Hallowell, Major HENJ. STICKNEY, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 91.

In Chesterville, Rev. JOTHAN SEWALL, the oldest Congregational Minister in this State, aged 91.

In Kennebec, ERASTUS E. PINKHAM, son of Richard M. Pinkham, aged 22.

In Jay, Sept. 27, SUSAN LAWRENCE, daughter of Frank and Susan Lawrence, aged 22.

In New Sharon, Miss NAOMI YEATON, aged 47.

In Topsham, EUGENE THOMPSON, son of Charles Thompson, Esq., aged 22.

In Fairfield, PAUL TRUFTLE, aged 43.

In Norridgewock, MARY SMITH, wife of Henry Smith of Roxbury, Mass., and daughter of Isaac Barker, aged 35.

In Milltown, Mrs. JANE BOIES, aged 28.

In Lincolnville, WM. FLETCHER, Esq., aged 48.

In Rockland, EMELINE D. FILLSBURY, wife of Geo. W. Pillsbury, aged 57.

In Waldoboro', GEORGE MILLER, aged 84; ELIJAH MILLER, aged 40.

In Bath, ADAM LEMONT, aged 78.

In Gardiner, HANNAH MERROW, wife of Joshua Merrow.

In Norway, AVIS B. HATHAWAY, wife of Lorenzo Hathaway, aged 34; SIMEON WALTON, aged 73.

MARINE LIST.—AUGUSTA.

ARRIVED.

Oct. 10, Schr. Andrew Jackson, Pierce, Thomaston.
Banner, Clinch, New York.
Eastern Star, Colman, Salem.
Sloop Amey and Polly, Crouch, Thomaston.

SAILED.

Oct. 10, Schr. Forest, Waite, New York.
Kelleher, Hoff's, Boston.
15, Consul, Beck, do.
Andrew Jackson, Pierce, Thomaston.
Sloop Amey and Polly, Crouch, do.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed Commissioners, by the Judge of Probate for the county of Kennebec, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the Estate of DANIEL COY, late of Readfield, deceased, hereby give notice that they will attend to that service at the Dwelling House of WM. THOMAS, in Augusta, on the 30th day of November next, at 1 o'clock P. M.

WM. THOMAS,
JONATHAN KNOWLES.

October 14, 1850. *3w42

LASTS--LASTS.

WOODARD THOMPSON would inform his customers and friends that he still continues to Manufacture Lasts in Gardiner. He has made arrangements to be supplied with an assortment of Turned Lasts, consisting of about 5000 pairs, from a large stock already turned; after that he will run a Machine, either in this State or in the Provinces. You may rely on one thing, you shall have better fitting Lasts than you ever got before in this State, and in one year from now better than you can get in any other State. WOODARD THOMPSON.

Gardiner, Oct. 14th, 1850. 3w42

HEIFER TAKEN UP.

A RED YEARLING HEIFER, tail tipped with white, was taken up by the subscriber, about the last of August. The owner is requested to call, pay charges and take her away. JOHN ROBINSON.

Monmouth, Oct. 12, 1850. *42

COW TAKEN UP.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, a few days since a middling sized Brindle Cow, about 9 years old. Whoever owns said Cow is requested to call, prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

BENJ. G. FIELD.

Augusta, Oct. 10, 1850. *3w42

MR. T. D. BALDWIN,

The Celebrated Eastern Magician and Peoples' Favorite,

WOULD respectfully inform his numerous friends and the public generally, that during the past summer he has procured an entire Set of New and Magnificent Apparatus, that he has commenced making a tour of the State, and intends visiting many of the principal villages, to give some of his Wonderful and Amusing Exhibitions of Legerdemain, Sleight-of-hand, &c. Look out for Fun when he visits you. 42 October 10, 1850.

STOCK FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at Public Auction, if not previously disposed of, on his premises, November 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following Stock:—Six Oxen, suitable for work or beef; two Cows, one for beef, the other a milch Cow; one pair of Yearling Steers, and two Yearling Heifers. He will also sell 20 cords of DRY HARD WOOD, together with a number of other articles.

E. B. THORN.

Augusta, October 10, 1850. *2w42

GOLD LEAF—a large supply, of various qualities, just received and for sale by 42 J. W. COFREN.

ENTRY MATS—a general assortment may be found at No. 9. Bridge's Block, by 42 J. W. COFREN.

CANARY SEED, just received, at No. 9 Bridge's Block, by 42 J. W. COFREN.

SPERM OIL.—Those in want of a prime article of Sperm Oil, would do well to call at No. 9 Bridge's Block, where they will find it. 42 J. W. COFREN.

DR. SOULE'S PILLS, a very popular medicine, and spoken highly of by all who have used them, for sale by 42 J. W. COFREN.

BEANS.—1000 bushels good White Beans wanted at No. 8, Union Block, by 42 L. B. HAMLEN.

TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.

PERSONS intending to Teach in SIDNEY, the coming winter, are hereby informed that the undersigned will meet for their examination, at the Dwelling House of A. S. TOWNSEND, on Saturday, November 2d, at 1 o'clock P. M., and on the following Saturday at the same hour and place.

A. S. TOWNSEND,
J. C. PATTEE,
J. BUTTERFIELD,

Sidney, Oct. 15, 1850. 42 Sup. School Com.

CARPENTER & CO'S KENNEBEC AND BOSTON

DAILY EXPRESS!

CARPENTER & CO. run a Daily Express from Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Richmond and Bath, via Portland, leaving Office at Augusta, at 9 o'clock A. M. They will also leave, per Steamer OCEAN, every Monday and Thursday, leaving Office, Augusta, at 1 o'clock P. M. RETURNING—will leave Office, Rail Road Exchange, Court Square, Boston, Daily, at 4 o'clock P. M.; and by Steamer Ocean every Tuesday and Friday at 6 o'clock P. M.

Prompt and Personal Attention will be given to the Buying and Selling of Merchandize, Collection and Payment of Drafts, Notes, &c. Large and Small Packages of Merchandize Transported with speed and at Reasonable Rates. Business can be Transacted in Portland and in all the towns between that place and Boston, on the line of the Eastern Rail Road.

Old Countrymen can be supplied with Bills of Exchange on Liverpool, for amounts of £1 and upwards.

Offices and Agents.—EDWARD FENNO, Augusta; Masters, Smith & Co., Hallowell; B. Shaw & Co., Gardiner; Davis Blanchard, 2d, Richmond, Sawyer & Magoon, Bath; A. L. Stanwood, Brunswick; Longley & Co., Portland; JOHN R. HALL, Rail Road Exchange, Court Square, Boston. 42 Augusta, October, 1850.

FALL OPENING OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS!

WM. J. KILBURN & CO. would call the attention of purchasers of Dry Goods, to their *Large and Well Selected Stock*, recently purchased in Boston and New York, *for Cash*, which they are *determined to sell* at as *low* prices as Goods of like quality can be purchased at *any Store in the State*, to all that see fit to give them a call. The variety is too large for a full enumeration of articles, but purchasers will find a very large and choice assortment of **Dress Goods**, embracing every new article in the market. Rich Styles of all-wool *Cashmeres, DeLanes, Printed Velvets, French Prints, Silk Warp Thibets*, for Dresses, all colors. Also, **Cloak Goods**—French Rob Roy Plaids, A. A. Thibets, Lyonese Cloth, Alpacas, &c. &c. Best Style BAY STATE SHAWLS, and other desirable kinds. *French, German and American Cloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings and Satinets*, which will be sold at *decided bargains*.

Domestic Goods—Sheetings, Drillings, Strp. Shirtings, Extra Flannels, Red Twid. Flannels, Warp Yarn, &c. &c., together with a general assortment of useful DRY GOODS, that will be shown to customers with pleasure, and offered at such prices as will ensure their sale.

WM. J. KILBURN & CO.

Augusta, Oct. 16, 1850. is3w42

STORE FOR SALE.

THE STORE now occupied by N. H. CAREY, in the pleasant village of WAYNE, is for sale. Said Store is well situated in the Centre of Business, and is conveniently fitted up for a large country trade. Enquire of WM. H. CAREY, on the premises. N. H. CAREY.

Wayne, Oct. 14, 1850. 42tf

COPARTNERSHIP.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they have formed a copartnership under the firm of PARKER & PIPER, for the purpose of carrying on the **Saddle, Harness and Trunk Making Business**

And have leased the store formerly occupied by WATSON & HALLETT, on the West end of Kennebec Bridge, where they will keep constantly on hand and for sale, Saddles, Harnesses, Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Whips, Collars, Bridles, Halters, Martingales, &c. &c., which they will sell cheap for cash or country produce. Those in want of any of the above articles, will find it to their advantage to give them a call before purchasing elsewhere, as all articles manufactured by us will be of the best of Stock and made in a workmanlike manner. Carriage Trimming and Upholstery work done in the best manner.

ORREN PARKER,
JOSEPH PIPER.

Augusta, Oct 14, 1850. 3w42eoptf

FRESH FRUIT.—Fresh Malaga Raisins, Currants, Citron, and Spices of all kinds, for sale by 42 EBEN FULLER.

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of Oct., A. D. 1850.

THOMAS SNELL, Executor of the last Will and Testament of ISSACHAR SNELL, late of Augusta, in said Co. deceased, having presented his 2d account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the 2d Monday of Nov. next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest—WM. R. SMITH, *Register.* 42

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, JOSEPH STACKPOLE, on the twentieth day of March, A. D. 1848, conveyed by deed of mortgage to JOHN YEATON, a certain parcel of land situate on the Church's Hill Road, in Augusta, adjoining the town of Vassalboro' on the north, and land of Charles Clark on the south; which premises are more fully described in said deed, recorded in the Kennebec Registry, book 158, page 334, to which reference may be had; and whereas, said Yeaton has assigned to John Gilley a portion of his interest in said mortgage; and the conditions of said mortgage having been broken, we claim to foreclose the same, and hereby give notice accordingly.

JOHN GILLEY,
JOHN YEATON.

Oct. 15, 1850. 42 By B. A. G. FULLER, their Att'y.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of LYDIA H. TABER, late of Vassalboro', in the co. of Kennebec, deceased, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Sept. 16, 1850. 42 JOHN C. TABER.

KENNEBEC, SS.—*To the heirs at law and all others interested in the estate of* RICHARD MACY, *late of Vassalboro', in said County, deceased, testate:* GREETING.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to me for Probate by CATHARINE MACY, the Executrix therein named—

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Augusta, on the 2d Monday of Nov., 1850, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the 2d Monday of October, 1850. D. WILLIAMS, *Judge.*

Copy. Attest—WM. R. SMITH, *Register.* 42

KENNEBEC, SS.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 2d Monday of October, A. D. 1850.

JOSEPH W. PATTERSON, Executor

The Muse.

From Zion's Advocate.

DO YOU REMEMBER, BROTHER

BY H. E. B.

Do you remember, brother, mine,
Our orchard old and gray,
The apple-trees we used to climb,
To watch the birds at play?
Those apple-trees! those apple-trees!
Their very names are dear,
And now the music of the breeze
Amid their boughs I hear.
I'm sure you must remember these,
The apple, pear and cherry trees.

Do you remember, brother, dear,
The pasture and the brook,
And dancing in its waters clear
The fish that 'scaped our hook?
The dear, old brook! how well I know
The stones we used to cross,
When to the hill beyond, we'd go
To gather flowers and moss.
I'm sure you must remember still
The pasture, brook, and pine-grove hill.

Do you remember, brother, dear,
The schoolhouse, quaint, and brown?
The ferule, which we used to fear
More than the master's frown?
The maple-grove, the schoolhouse, near,
I see in fancy, now;
Its nestling murmur greets my ear,
Its coolness fans my brow.
I'm sure you must remember, love,
The schoolhouse and the maple-grove.

Brother, do you remember now
The cot where we were born,
The homestead cottage, brown and low
'Mid fields of waving corn?
I see our home—its kitchen hearth
So very large and wide;
I hear the free and careless mirth
That blessed our own fire-side.
Months, years are fled and stranger feet
Now press the kitchen floor,
And strangers round the fire-side meet—
How changed, since "days of yore!"
Brother, you must remember well
The homestead where we used to dwell.

The Story-Teller.

THREE PICTURES.

SUNRISE—NOONDAY—NIGHT.

A young man, an artist, was passing slowly through the principal thoroughfare of a great city, and the few years of his life, if they had proved heavy and sorrowful in experience, had at least left no dark impress on his forehead. His figure was strikingly elegant, and his face manly; it might well have been taken to represent the Genius of Thought, so calm, elevated, and enobled by spiritual excellence was it.

That he was poor, you might guess by the worn garments in which he was attired; for from the figure, bearing, and whole appearance of the youth, it was evident he was not of that class of geniuses who accept shabbiness in personal appearance in the name of eccentricity.

And he was an ambitious young man, too. A glance into his studio, where constantly and diligently he toiled in his vocation, had told you that. It would seem, by the constant emendations he would make, and by the finished style he labored to impart to all he did, that nothing short of superior excellence or perfection in his art would satisfy him.

He had come into the open air this morning, not because he is wearied with his work, for it is a source of continual delight to him; neither in search of amusements, but to ponder on a thought which has long labored in his mind—three pictures should be his fame. From his quiet studio he would send into the world a moral lesson that should delight and instruct, and leave in the world an abiding moral influence. Not only did Martin Gray long to win for himself a proud name on the earth, but with the poets and preachers he would fain lift up his voice and teach; he also would be a priest and a reformer, and by his works he would testify to the infinite beauty of holiness and virtue.

The artist's heart bost joyfully as he resolved this idea in his mind. His hope was high—his hand was skilful.

"If my name only rank with the masters some day—if I can do some real and substantial good in my generation! I cannot labor too hard to secure these ends," he said to himself as he passed, unconscious of the noise and confusion about him, along the street.

Mechanically turning at the first corner, Martin moved on to quarters of the city where the strife and confusion of life were more subdued.

At once he stood silent, as though changed suddenly to marble; then a heart-cheering cry of joy and surprise burst from him, and "I have found it!—I have found it!" he cried. "Here is sunrise at last!"

There were children playing in the street—poor little children, boys and girls, whose only play-ground was that hot and dusty place. But in the person of one, the quick eye of the artist detected extraordinary beauty, though decked in rags almost as extraordinary.

The unconscious child was a girl, six or seven years of age, faultless in form and feature, the very embodiment of one of Martin Gray's ideals.

It was not solely the exquisite loveliness of the child's face, though the shape and coloring were perfect—but beside the dark rich hair, which fell in such unheeded profusion on the shoulders of its little mistress, and beside the deep, sapphire blue of the large, languid eyes, and the classic regularity of every feature, there was an expression, a *soul-look*, which intensified her natural beauty, and stamped her as the owner of intellect, whose range was far higher than that reached by any of her playmates.

"Tell me your name, little angel," said the artist in the excitement of his delighted surprise.

"My name is Alice Flynn," was the prompt answer.

"Have you a mother! Where does she live!—Go with me to your home—I must speak with her."

The child answered these queries by at once leaving her playmates. The artist followed her quickly, and in a few moments they entered a narrow by-way. Passing a short distance through it, little Alice paused before a shabby old house, which seemed every day on the point of bidding an eternal farewell to all things terrestrial.

"This is the place where we live, sir," said she, with the sweetest voice in the world; "will you come in!"

"This little girl is yours, ma'am, I believe!" said Martin, as he stood in the presence of what seemed to him an ogress when compared to the "child-angel" who called her mother.

"Yes—she wasn't lost, was she! Or was she up to mischief in the street! Just tell me that."

"No, no; nothing of the kind," said the artist, quickly, not in the least daunted by the washerwoman's greeting. "I was struck with her appearance; and now that I have at last an opportunity of accomplishing an object I have long contemplated, I trust that you will not object."

"Lord, sir, what is it you want! Speak out quick, can't ye! My work is waiting for me, don't you see! Do you want the child's front teeth, or her hair! I've sold her hair twice to a barber, but her teeth—"

"You mistake me," exclaimed Martin Gray, sharply, for he was disgusted with the cruel words of the woman. "I am an artist—I would like to take her likeness. Will you permit me to do so?"

"No! What would you do with it! The girl's already spoiled with people's telling her how beautiful she is. To be sure the child is well enough in looks; but beauty don't give us bread, and her good looks only spoil her. She's getting proud and hateful since people have told her so much about it, the little fool!"

"If this is so, I fear it is not the wisest course to let her play so much in the street with other little folks," remarked Martin.

This approach to advice aroused the woman's ire.

"Where's she to be kept, I'd like to know that! A poor woman like me, as *arns* her bread by the sweat of her face, has little time to be looking about after the young ones. People like me can't keep their children at home like other folks who have plenty of room, in door and out. So you see, young man, your advice ain't worth much, any how."

"Of course, madam, you know your own business best; but, seriously, you cannot mean to refuse my earnest request! I assure you it will be the greatest favor to me, if you will suffer me to take the child's picture. I will pay you for the privilege."

"Then it shall be done," said the woman, brightening up. "How much will you offer me!"

"Five shillings," answered the young man, "and I will pay you more at some future day; but I also am poor."

Poor fellow, he spoke the truth, indeed, for five shillings were just half the contents of his old faded purse at that moment.

"Well, she may go for that. Here, Alice, you're going to have your face painted—let me brush you a little."

"No, no, I pray, madam, leave her to me. I will take her to my studio as she is. I would not have her appearance changed in the least: the drapery of the child does not want any alteration. I will bring her to you in an hour."

"Well, she'll be safe enough, I 'spose. Go on."

"Are you going to paint my face, sir! What for! Will it hurt me!" asked Alice, as she, with Martin, passed along the streets, hand in hand.

"Not your *face*, child," answered the artist; "I'm going to paint a face *like* yours—that's all."

"What for!"

"To hang up in my room, and then, perhaps, to sell it some day for a great deal of money."

"Sell me! sell my face!" and the little innocent laughed, and wondered why anybody should want to buy a face like hers.

Probably our readers will not soon, if ever, see the original painting executed on that day, which ever after remained a date so memorable in the recollections of Martin Gray. Let us, therefore, here state that the Sunrise was a portrait quite dissimilar to those we usually see of young children.

"Now lie quietly, Alice, for a moment," said Martin. He had placed her on the ancient lounge, the only reasonable piece of furniture in the room. "Now close your eyes—ah, not so close; let them be half open, as though you were just waking up. Now I will paint a picture the world shall wonder at! Yes, I will also make a Sunrise!"

Quiet and motionless, as though bereft of life, the child lay and watched the artist's movements. An hour passed, and not for one moment had the hand of the artist paused. It is enough to say that even he was satisfied with the progress he had made in those swift-winged sixty minutes.

Upon the easy couch Alice had fallen asleep, unperceived by the young painter. He awakened her with some regret, but the time he had promised to keep her with him was passed, and Martin had little inclination to brave the wrath of the mother's tongue. Thoughtfully he led the child to her home, and when he parted with her there, it was with a heart full of sorrow, for he knew that a life of hardship, and want, and temptation, was in store for the beautiful girl.

"Poor and handsome," thought he—"God protect her! To be sure it would be a sad sight were the innumerable hosts of poor people all hideously ugly; and as to the necessity of the thing, such folks would seem to require the simple pleasure of being admired, inasmuch as they are debarred from participating in all amusements and enjoyments that cost money, and beauty costs nothing. And yet Heaven have mercy on the poor family that boasts of a beauty! As surely as the sunshine, pride will creep in under the door-sill or by the window, and certainly in a covert manner. The pretty daughter must be prettily dressed, even at the expense and by the self-denial of the more plainly gifted remainder of the family. Then come struggles, heart-bitterness and envy—God be thanked if hatred and malice do not also come! Now there's that little Alice Flynn—if she were only my sister, or one over whom I had the shadow of control! Oh! that I were only rich! She ought to be educated! what a smile—and what a mind she has—she thinks! God defend her!"

Indulging in such thoughts as these, Martin had passed again through the crowded streets, quite unmindful of all things save that one high project he had conceived, which now he for the first time felt convinced might be really performed. Once more we find him before his easel, and how he labored there! Six days, morning and evening, he worked on his creation, and Saturday night saw him looking upon it with such intensity of satisfaction as betokened a very happy heart—for it was finished, and his heart and his mind had declared it "very good!"

The following week there was to be an exhibition, and to the rooms prepared for this purpose, Martin conveyed his work, and it was not perhaps without a thrill of pride that he placed it among the multitudinous proofs of genius there.

The Sunrise was unframed, and having been among the last brought in, it occupied an obscure and unfavorable position. But Martin surveyed it with the eyes of a lover—he knew no superior merit, and he fancied that others would behold it in just such a light. But Martin was destined to be disappointed not a little. During the first days of the exhibition, while the rooms were filled to overflowing, but little attention was attracted towards his portrait. Sometimes it was so fortunate as to attract an exclamation of surprise, and a momentary glance of admiration—and once or twice a group of young people stopped a moment to honor it with examination; but there were works of well known artists which must be criticised and applauded—there were "first attempts" of rich and fashionable men which must be praised—and besides, it was on the whole taken for granted, by universal consent, that the best pictures occupied the most prominent stations and that those condemned to the back-ground must be only passably good or mediocre.

By degrees Martin began to take these facts into consideration—and then it was only by great effort he managed to keep his hopes alive, that some good fate was yet in store for his darling.

An early hour on the morning of the fifth day found him once more attracted to the rooms. He would endeavor to secure for his child a position more prominent, for some of the paintings had been already removed by their masters.

But two persons were there when he entered. They were a lady and gentleman in deep mourning, and they were standing before *his* Sunrise! Passing up the long hall slowly, with his eyes directed to the thickly covered wall, where he saw what only an artist could, the outwritten, burning hopes of a multitude of men, he contrived to keep watch of the two who remained so long motionless and speechless before the picture child.

"Do you know the author of this work, sir, and if it is for sale!" asked the stranger, as Martin drew near.

"I have an acquaintance with the artist," answered he, "but the painting, I think, is not for sale."

"Why should it be placed here then!" asked the gentlemen, quickly, and with great evident disappointment.

"Because, sir, there is something dear to the heart of the author of a work, besides the money which the sale of it would bring. I feel at liberty to answer you frankly as you have asked—the artist hoped that by this work attention might be attracted to his skill, for he is a young man necessitated to labor, and as yet altogether unknown in his profession."

"I admire the genius of the young man; he will succeed in making himself known beyond all doubt. But perhaps I might offer for this picture enough to satisfy even him."

There was a silence, and there was in the lady's eyes such a beseeching look, as she glanced from the picture toward Martin, that his determination was almost vanquished; but he looked down and said:

"The painting is my work—I cannot part with it at any price."

"It is yours, and you will not sell it! Mr. Artist, you do not, cannot know how much you refuse us! We had a child, a darling little girl; she was an angel to us—she is lost to us, is dead, young man—and this portrait! it is so like her, at any cost I would secure it: name your price. High as you value your beautiful work, consider that to us it is infinitely more valuable. The hours of labor you have spent upon it have endeared it to you—it is more to us than even that; it is life to us, for it brings her back again. Or, if you will not part with the original, oblige us by making a duplicate copy, for which we shall be willing to pay a liberal price."

The lady trembled as her companion pleaded with the artist so earnestly. It was not in Martin Gray to deny a plea so sad and so heartfelt. He exclaimed, "Permit me to retain the work but a few days, and it shall then be forwarded to you."

A thankful glance of the tearful eyes of the bereaved mother was what Martin thought, apart from the proffered sum, at that moment a full reward; and it was with a light heart that, with the picture in its case, he carried it once more to the attic studio.

CHAPTER II.

The foundation of Martin Gray's fortune was laid, and ever after was he a firm believer in presentiments, for the Sunrise had in very truth been the making of him. In the midst of his good fortune, the generous heart did not forget the poor child whose beauty had so materially aided his genius. Previous to his departure he placed a well-filled purse in the hands of the mother, saying, "Your child is an extraordinary girl. This money will be sufficient to secure her a good education—pray do not neglect it, for she will be an honor and a great help to you some day. Promise me that you will keep her out of the street as much as is possible, and that you will send her to school. I am going abroad; when I come home again she will be many years older than now—nearly a woman. Give me your promise she shall go to school."

"Yes, she shall go; and as to keeping her out of the street, I s'pose I might as well undertake to—well, yes, I'll try my hand at it."

"Be kind to her."

Martin traveled abroad. He studied in Italy—he studied in Germany—he journeyed through nearly all Europe. Among artists, and artist-patronizers, the success of his first-exhibited picture was well known. The Sunrise was everywhere commented upon, and the papers liked to talk of the young artist, of his skilful hand and generous heart.

But during the years of labor and study spent abroad, his one great idea remained unaccomplished. The second picture which he had designed as a continuation of the Sunrise, was untouched.

Still his hands had not been idle. In Paris his studio (it was not there an attic) became a point of interest and fashionable attraction, and in Hamburg he dwelt neither in poverty nor obscurity, and in a pecuniary point of view his labors had made his fortune.

Years passed on, and Martin was at home again; at home, and among a multitude of friends, though when seven years ago he departed from the great city he might easily have counted the voices that came to bid him adieu and God-speed. But fame and fortune wonderfully enhance the feeble interest felt in the once poor son of Genius—so Martin proved it. His friendship was sought for as most honorable; his words were quoted, his dress and style imitated. Fair ladies trilled his songs, (for he was something of a poet too,) and as a "lion" the young exquisite was pronounced by fathers, mothers, and daughters, as perfect, charming, and altogether unexceptionable.

"What in the way of amusements, Frank!" asked the artist, as he strolled, arm in arm, with a city gallant through the streets.

"What! not heard *Alice* yet! She gives a musical entertainment to-night. My good fellow, you 'argue yourself unknown' by such unseemly ignorance," gaily said his companion, the Hon. Francis Dundas.

"Indeed, I must confess to ignorance. Who is this great singer, Alice! Some newly risen star, is she not!"

"Yes: but the few who have heard her say, a star that bids fair to prove on closer examination of the first magnitude, and that even an artist's eyes can detect no defect in her matchless beauty. Her rare beauty sometime since attracted the attention of old H———, the millionaire; he does something toward educating her; she turns out a woman, or girl of uncommon talents, and has determined to become a public singer. I am told her history is a complete romance, wanting nothing of tragedy or comedy to make it irresistibly interesting."

"A singer—a genius—a beauty! We will hear her by all means!" exclaimed Martin enthusiastically.

And they did hear her.

It was not a "grand entertainment." The singer Alice was the sole performer. She had preferred that it should be so, that her merits and powers, whatever they were, might be estimated at their worth.

Small and select was the audience before which she appeared; it was composed of people of refined taste, who could fully appreciate all the excellence of style and manner, and whose approbation a young debutante might rejoice to win. How young she was! how truly and perfectly beautiful! There was a slight flush on her cheek, which was else pale as marble, that told how strongly the chords of her brave heart were struck. She sang—oh! the voice whose tones filled the high hall was like that we hear in dreams, where angels come to keep watch over us, chanting through the long hours of night. During the whole first part of the concert there was an intense silence, for there was an intense gratification felt by the audience that was deeper than could be uttered, and the smiles, and tears, and breathless interest evinced, were to the maiden tributes more acceptable than tumultuous applause.

"She is a wonder!" "a miracle!" "what a voice!" "what a style!" "and to think she is only seventeen or eighteen!" Such and like exclamations escaped from every tongue as Alice withdrew, at the close of the first part, from the saloon.

Frank Dundas turned to his companion—

"Well, Gray, what do you think of her!"

"I am lost! it is divine! I have never seen or heard her equal. Tell me what did you say is her name! The face haunts me. I have seen it before."

"It's not likely you have ever seen her before to-night. Perhaps she corresponds with some fairy-queen or lady-love, born of your own prolific fancy. Is it not so! I can well conceive such a thing possible, though I'm neither poet nor artist."

Martin bowed to save himself the necessity of a reply, for he was deep in thought, and through the obscurity of the distant past his memory was striving to grope its way.

After a few moments the singer appeared again in the saloon.

"Did you say her name was Alice!" asked Martin Gray, as his eyes for the second time rested upon her. "Alice—Alice what!"

"I have never heard—she is only known by that name. She does not need so many cognomens as we less gifted individuals, and I suppose intends that the world shall know without being told further who is meant when the singer Alice is spoken of."

"Dundas, I have seen that face before, you may depend upon it. Will you believe it—during all my residence in Europe, I have sought with desperate earnestness, but in vain, for a face just such as hers."

"Pray wherefore! Are you not the foe of all lady loves, save the sweet goddess of painting!"

"Hush! love has had nothing to do with my search. Pretty faces are to be found everywhere; and though an artist, I am free to say that the man who marries a woman for her beauty is a poor fool. Do you remember my picture called Sunrise, painted seven or eight years ago!"

"Remember it! Why, my dear fellow, to be sure I do, and what a grand lift it gave you before the darling public. I should be stupid, indeed, to forget that picture or its painter."

"Well, perhaps you know, though of course you could not, for I never spoke of my intention to another; but ever since that picture was finished, I have resolved to make it one of a series, by painting two others, one of such innocent loveliness arrived at womanly perfection, and the third was to be the image of beauty ruined by crime; and in the three I hoped to offer a moral lesson to the world. Never till to-night have I seen one worthy to take the second place in the series. I see her now, and I have an impression that this woman was that child."

"If it is your wish we will visit her to-night when the concert is finished, or to-morrow. Perhaps, however, you would prefer calling upon her alone!" said Frank Dundas, with a hearty co-operating look of voice and manner.

"By all means accompany me; we will go in the morning, and I will lay all my life on it, that singer's name, when a child, was Alice Flynn!"

At eleven the following morning Alice received her guests, with a grace and ease of manner which delighted them. She spoke with the enthusiasm of youth of the art in which she was so great a proficient, and every word she uttered revealed a mind well cultivated, refined, and innately noble.

A half hour passed speedily by, but the Honorable gave no sign of an intention to depart. The artist who had surveyed her as he would an exquisite product of art, first rising to take his leave, said: "I have a favor to urge, madam, and a very great one. I am painting a series of portraits; will you permit me to take yours as a representation of Noonday!"

"It would be a very poor representative of the glory and majesty of the theme you have chosen."

"Permit me to judge that," said Martin Gray, earnestly. "It is an idea I have long desired to carry out. I wished to make the picture an exact likeness, and therefore sought a beauty that was perfect, so there should be no room left for my imagination. Now that the object of my long search is found, do not deny me this great privilege. If you will only accompany some of your friends to my studio, by showing to you the Sunrise, I can better explain what it is I wish; or perhaps you will suffer me, either now or to-morrow, to escort you thither."

"To-morrow," she answered. "I will come. Ere then you may, I trust, find one elsewhere to represent your ideal."

"That is utterly impossible. To-morrow, then, before the rooms are filled with visitors, I shall look for you," said Martin, with a decidedly grateful accent and look, and the young men walked slowly away.

CHAPTER III.

The Noonday was nearly finished. The city was ringing with the surpassing beauty and the matchless voice of the young singer Alice. And Martin Gray's numerous and powerful friends every where declared that the picture on which he worked so diligently would add the greenest leaf to his glory-wreath.

The artist loved his picture—loved the original! No! he could have worshipped the canvass on which that matchless face was impressed, but when he looked on Alice, and listened to her beautiful words, and the musical delicious pronunciation—though he saw and heard with the most enthusiastic admiration, it was only that of the artist—the man's heart was untouched.

He had never shown to her the "child-angel." After his call upon "Alice," so strengthened had become Martin Gray's persuasion that it was the Alice of by-gone recollection, that he feared to hazard the display of the portrait to her.

Let us see if his precaution was a wise one.

It was the last sitting. On the following day the lady was to depart with a distinguished company of singers, on a long professional tour. She had risen, for the hour was passed, and stood looking for the last time on the beautiful work of the artist.

"Do you remember," said Martin, approaching her, "I promised to show you the portrait which I called the Sunrise. Pardon me that I have not done so before; this is the one."

He raised his hand, and turned to the light a small picture, which for the last few days had looked upon the wall.

A broken exclamation of surprise, rather than the usual tribute of warm praise, escaped the young creature.

"May I ask," said she, with face slightly averted from his gaze, "may I ask the name of the girl!"

"I remember it very well—it was Alice Flynn!"

"Thank you, it is indeed a lovely picture."

Martin Gray attended her to the carriage that stood in waiting, but Alice the songstress did not look upon him till she gave him her hand in parting. When he saw her face, the artist knew he had not been deceived: she was pale as death.

A few months afterwards came from a distant city a large sum and these words:

"The child for whose education you so generously provided, when both she and yourself were poor and unknown, would fain convince you that with increase of years, and fortune and happiness—that she is not ungrateful. All the good that has fallen to her in this life she is glad and proud to trace to you; to that one act of well-timed charity. May the God of Heaven forever bless you. The 'Sunrise' and the 'Noonday' of your life you have made unspeakably glorious; may the night be without a cloud, and complete in its magnificence. ALICE."

The artist rejoiced in her brilliant success, and waited with impatience till he should see and speak with her again.

In the years when honors thickly clustered around his brow, when fortune had laid many of her choicest gifts at his feet, there was yet one thing lacking to complete his happiness.

There were few homes on earth so beautiful as his, and his wife and children (for Martin in course of time became an old man) were all that the heart of man could desire. There were no lines betokening care or a fierce strife with the world on the artist's handsome face. He had labored, and that constantly, it is true, but his had not been a wearying toil.

Many enchanting, perfect works had gone forth from the rooms of Martin Gray into the world; but there were two original ones for which he rejected every offer, however extravagant. Copies and engravings of them had been given to the public, but the canvass on which his fingers worked, while his eyes were gazing on the loveliest and most perfect specimens of beauty to his mind conceivable, were precious beyond all price to him.

The series had not been completed, for Martin Gray had never seen a human being fearfully beautiful, and irrevocably fallen, whereby to represent the "Night." And as years passed on, his heart more earnestly and continually hoped that he never might. * * *

The great artist is dead. The passing visions of a beautiful fancy have forever flitted away—"he sleeps the last sleep"—but his works live after him. He sleeps, but he has left a name that is cherished by his country, and his genius is a source of national pride.

During his widow's life, his studio remained as he had left it; it was a Mecca, to which, for years, pilgrims most devout resorted. To many that artist's rooms were sacred places. Standing in them they breathed the air of inspiration, and held sweet communings with the spirit of the beautiful.

Of the sublime lessons, and they were many, which spoke forth from those walls, there was one that made the gazer shudder and turn pale. No one gazing on the three faces, which were separated from all other paintings wrought by the same hand, could have resisted the conviction, that the artist had meant, aye, and that he had succeeded in conveying to the mind of the gazer a deep and awful moral lesson, for the "Night" was the "Sunrise" and the "Noonday!" * * *

It was marvelous, it was dreadful to trace the great resemblance between the likeness of the angelic little child, the incomparably beautiful maiden, and the splendid but fallen woman.

The same bright, curling hair, the same deep, sapphire eyes, the fresh bloom, on the fair cheek, the graceful form—they were unmistakeable. But oh! there was an expression on those features of the eldest woman that the innocent child and the guileless maiden could not have interpreted. It was a bold, defiant look, that told it was a sorrowful and ever-to-be-lamented day, that saw her come before the world to wrestle for its honors; a very siren: but ah! how weak to strive against its sinful allurements, its awful temptations.

They are one and the same, said every heart that gazed upon them. Reader, they were! for the "Night" was also a portrait, and the last work of Martin Gray.

Alas, alas! sweet Alice—splendid and courted Alice—wretched and ruined Alice!

Getting Used to it.

Somewhere about here—writes a southern correspondent to the Knickerboker—lived a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge. "Why you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after a while, but I don't like to break right off at once; it aint wholesome. The best way is to get used to a thing by degrees you know." "Very well, old man," his helpmate would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole some of these days, when you can't take care of yourself, and no one near you to help you out." Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, he tumbled into the well. Here, the old toper, after a deal of useless scrambling, shouted for "the light of his eyes" to come and help him out. "Didn't I tell you so!" said the good soul, showing her cap frill over the edge of the parapet: "you've got into a hole at last, and it's only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned, you old dog you! Well," she continued after a pause, letting down the basket, "take hold." And up he came, higher at each turn of the windlass, until—the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again!

This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious. "Look here," screamed he in a fury at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I *know* you are!" "Well now, I *am*," responded the "old woman" tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm 'frad if I was to bring you up on a sudden you wouldn't find it wholesome!" The old fellow could not help chuckling at the application of his principle, and he protested he would sign the pledge on the instant, if she would fairly lift him out. This she did, and packed him off to "swear in," wet as he was. "For you see," she added, very emphatically, "if you ever fall into the well again I'll *leave* you there—I will!"

A TOAST WELL BUTTERED. Hon. Samuel Appleton, of Boston, being unable to avail himself of an invitation to be present at the centinnial anniversary at New Ipswich, N. H., by reason of his advanced age and many infirmities, sent a letter to the committee of invitation, concluding with the following golden sentiment, the reading of which at the dinner table on anniversary day, as the paragraphists have it, "brought down the house."

"The Literary Institutions of New Hampshire in general, and the Academy at New Ipswich in particular—and to enable that Institution to assume its former standing, and to extend its future usefulness—I, Samuel Appleton of Boston, do hereby promise to pay to the Trustees of New Ipswich Academy, for the benefit of said Academy, *five thousand dollars on demand.*

I am, Gentlemen, very respectfully, your most obedient, most humble servant,

SAMUEL APPLETON."

There is a boy in Indiana, aged ten years, who is so uncommon tall that he cannot tell when his toes are cold.

A Yankee editor says he'd "like to die a laafin, to see a drinkin' chap tryin' to pocket the shadow of a swingin' sign for a pocket-handkerchief."

A wife full of truth, innocence and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next his heart.

DOORS, BLINDS AND SASH.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have entered into partnership under the firm of COLEMAN, BARTON & BRAN, and taken a room in the Machine Shop at the West End of the Kennebec Dam, and fitted it up for manufacturing Doors, Blinds and Sash, and doing all other kinds of work that may be done to advantage in a shop of that kind. They are prepared to receive orders, which will be promptly attended to; and they flatter themselves that to their friends and those acquainted with their work heretofore, they need no recommendation. To the public generally they would say that after a number of years' experience in carpentering, particularly house-building, they can do all kinds of work in their line, as well as can be done at any other shop, and can furnish as good an article at as low price as any one on the river. Call and try us.

All orders, sent by mail or otherwise, promptly attended to.

GEORGE COLEMAN,
REUBEN F. BARTON,
FRANCIS H. BRAN.

Augusta, Aug. 20, 1850. 34tf

STRAY HORSE.

STOLEN from the barn on the Mulliken Farm, in Augusta, on the night of the 23d, a DARK BROWN MARE, with a black mane and tail and a small white star in her forehead. Said Mare is about 5 years old. Whoever will return said Mare, or give information where she may be found, shall be suitably rewarded.

JAMES C. DRAKE.

Albion, Sept. 25, 1850. *3w40

FLOUR. FRESH FLOUR.

GARDINER FLOUR MILLS.

THE subscriber has just received his Spring stock of Wheat, and has constantly for sale at the Mills, GARDINER MILLS SUPERFINE FAMILY FLOUR; do. do. EXTRA do. do., made from the best of Wheat, selected expressly for his use by one of the best judges of Grain in New York. The above brands of Flour are too well known and appreciated by lovers of good bread, to need any further recommendation from the subscriber, who will only say that those who use this Flour may at *all times* depend upon having a SUPERIOR ARTICLE.

Also for sale, as above, "*City Mills Superfine Flour*," made from cheaper Wheat. This Flour is warranted equal to any of the common brands of New York Flour, and also to be made from SOUND WHEAT, and to be Fresh Ground and Full Weight, and will be sold *very low for cash.*

Family and City Mills Flour for sale as above, put up in neatly stamped bags, containing ½, ¼, and ⅛ bbl.; also, the usual varieties of feed, all at very low prices.

W. M. VAUGHAN.

Gardiner, May 21, 1850. 23tf

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his Farm on which he now lives, in NEW-CASTLE, on Dyer's River. Said Farm contains about 150 acres of good land, about one half divided into mowing, pasturage and tillage, the balance is covered with a valuable growth of young timber. It has a good one story house, a wood-house, and two barns, all in good repair. Cuts about fifty tons of hay, and is well watered. It is well furnished with Farming Tools, and will be sold on liberal terms.

MATTHEW HARLEY.

New-Castle, Sept. 25, 1850. *2w40

A NEW HARDY CLIMBER.

THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL CLIMBER, Celestis or Pubescens, recently introduced from China, by Mr. Fortune, proves perfectly hardy in New England, having stood in the grounds here the past winter without the least protection. Trained to a single pillar, say 10 feet in height, it is a very striking and beautiful object, from the middle of June till cold weather, during which time it is covered with a profusion of its large double flowers, of a delicate rose color. It is very ornamental planted in pots like the verbenas; makes an admirable screen, and is very effective in young plantations, beds or shrubberies, trailing prettily on the surface, and running up among the lower branches of trees in a very picturesque manner. It is, therefore, particularly suited for ornamenting Cemeteries and Public Gardens. Its culture is very simple, and it thrives in any good garden soil. When required in considerable quantities, it is best to start them under glass in February or March, but the tubers may also be planted in the open ground in May. The subscriber will send to order by mail or express, October 20th, tubers sufficient for 100 plants at $3; for 50 plants, $2; with directions for propagation and culture. Strong plants in pots in April, $1 per pair.

B. M. WATSON.

Old Colony Nurseries, Plymouth Mo., Sept., 1850. 12t38

DEEP PLOWING.

JOHN MEANS & SON invite the attention of farmers to their Worcester EAGLE PLOW, No. 20, intended for deep, heavy Plowing—warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Also, various sizes of SUB-SOIL PLOWS, which are offered on the most reasonable terms.

Augusta, May, 1850. 6m19

CEDAR FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has now on hand about 30,000 feet of first rate Cedar, which he will sell at reasonable prices. Those wishing to purchase are invited to call at his Store on Water street, a few doors north of Kennebec Bridge.

CHARLES A. LAMBARD.

Augusta, May 15, 1849. 21

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

THE subscriber has opened an Office at No. 14, Water Street, one door North of the Stanley House, where he will be happy to render his services to those in want of Employment or wishing to Employ Help; and will also give his attention to Letting or Hiring Houses, or any other business that may be entrusted to him, and hopes by strict attention and fidelity to give satisfaction to those who may *Give him a Call, at No. 14, Water St., Augusta.*

August 19. 34 D. V. B. ORMSBY.

COFFINS.

A LARGE lot of BIRCH, PINE and MAHOGANY COFFINS, of all sizes, constantly on hand and for sale at PIERCE'S Furniture and Crockery Store.

Augusta, July 1st, 1850. 27

PERSONS in want of Cracked Wheat; Wheate, Rye and Indian Meal, can find it by calling on

June 11, 1850. 24 B. LIBBY & CO.

NEW IRON STORE.

AT No. 5, Union Block, may be found a large and well selected Stock of WROUGHT IRON, STEEL and NAILS, which is offered for sale very low for cash.

T. & C. A. LAMBARD.

Augusta, June, 1850. 25

BURNT and GROUND COFFEE, pure, for sale by

June 11. 24 B. LIBBY & CO.

FOR THE HAIR.

FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND, Jules Hanel's Eau Lustral, White's Restorative, Swan's Odorous Hair Preservative, Rowland's Genuine Macassar Oil, Rousseli's Coral Hair Compound, Jayne's Hair Tonic, Indian Vegetable Oil, Curling Fluid, Genuine Bear's Oil, Rose Hair Oil, &c. &c., for sale by

CUSHING & BLACK.

37

PRESTON'S PREPARED COCOA, and Cocoa and Shells, for sale by

24 B. LIBBY & CO.

THE LAST ENEMY.

CONQUERING and CONQUERED, by BISHOP BURGESS—price $1—received and for sale by

July 23, 1850. 30 ALONZO GAUBERT.

MOTT'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL FURNACES.

WITH half the fuel required for a common Cauldron set in brick, grain or vegetables for cattle or swine, can be boiled, all the offensive steam being carried up the smoke-pipe or chimney. A Tin or Copper boiler or brass kettle can be fitted for boiling water for washing clothes, &c. These Furnaces can be used in doors or out, with or without funnel or chimney, and can be removed from one place to another with very little inconvenience. They are made at the same foundry as was the celebrated Stewart's Cooking Stove—are warranted to work well and be durable. For sale at Manufacturer's prices, by GEO. STARRETT, Augusta,—(Sign of the Statue Stove.)

Price of Cauldron and Furnace, 10 galls., $8.00; 15 gal., $10; 22 gal., $13; 30 gal., $16; 45 gal., $21; 60 gal., $25; 80 gal., $35; 120 gal., $50.

Augusta, Aug. 20, 1850. 34

CALIFORNIA TRADE.

SASH, DOORS and WINDOW FRAMES, in large quantities, at short notice, at a reasonable discount, can be had at the Sash, Door and Blind Factory of

O. & E. W. WILLIAMSON.

Augusta, April, 1850. 16

FLUID--FLUID.

THE great demand for DYER'S WASHING FLUID is proof that it is THE ARTICLE. It is warranted not to harm the fabric, and to be superior to all others ever offered to the public. Sold in Augusta, wholesale and retail, at No. 9 Bridge's Block, by the only Agent,

J. W. COFREN.

40

PAPER HANGINGS.—A large lot of low and high priced Papers, just received and for sale cheap, at No. 9 Bridge's Block, by

40 J. W. COFREN.

PAINTS, OILS and GLASS, constantly on hand and for sale by

40 J. W. COFREN.

GLUE, of various qualities, may be found at No. 9 Bridge's Block.

40 J. W. COFREN.

FRESH CAMPHENE and BURNING FLUID, for sale by

40 CUSHING & BLACK.

EXTRA PARIS GREEN.—Dry and Ground S. S. Fine Paris Green, for sale by

CUSHING & BLACK.

GRAINING COLORS.—Raw Sienna Dust, do. Burnt, Raw Umber Dust, do. Burnt, of superior quality, for sale by

40 CUSHING & BLACK.

MACCARONI, Vermicella, Sago, Tapioca, and Hecker's Farina, for sale at

CUSHING & BLACK'S.

FRESH MIXED PICKLES, Gerkins, Tomato Ketchup, Capers, Olive Oil, &c., for sale by

40 CUSHING & BLACK.

J. W. COFREN,
(Successor to COFREN & BLATCHFORD,)
DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Window Glass, Paper Hangings, Groceries, &c. Also, Agent for all Popular Patent Medicines, No. 9 Bridge's Block, Water Street, Augusta.

1y 40

TRUSSES, Shoulder Braces and Supporters.—A good assortment for sale by

CUSHING & BLACK.

LOOK HERE, BARBERS.—Ramsdell's Unrivalled SHAVING SOAP, for Barbers' use, for sale by the package at

40 CUSHING & BLACK'S.

FLAGG'S LINE OF PACKETS,
Between Augusta, Hallowell and Boston.

FLAGG'S Line of Packets will run between Augusta, Hallowell and Boston, the present season, as follows:

One of the following vessels will leave FLAGG'S WHARF, AUGUSTA, and the Jog on North Side of LONG WHARF, BOSTON, every SATURDAY, during the ensuing season.

Schooner ADVENT, S. KIMBALL, Master.
" ODD FELLOW, J. ROWE, "
" GAZELLE, T. R. POOR, "
" ARNO, (new.) S. BEALS, "

☞ These vessels will take steam up and down the rivers when necessary.

Refer to J. HEDEN & Co., A. A. BUTTON, J. D. PRAGG and N. FLAGG, Augusta. 14 Augusta, April, 1850.

HOT-AIR FURNACES
AND COOKING RANGES,

Manufactured and sold by E. D. NORCROSS, nearly opposite the Kennebec House, Augusta.

THE above furnace is an entirely new article,—a hot-air furnace for burning wood,—which, by examination, will be seen to embrace new principles; the exterior surface is so constructed as to throw the heat directly against the surface, and the manner of b